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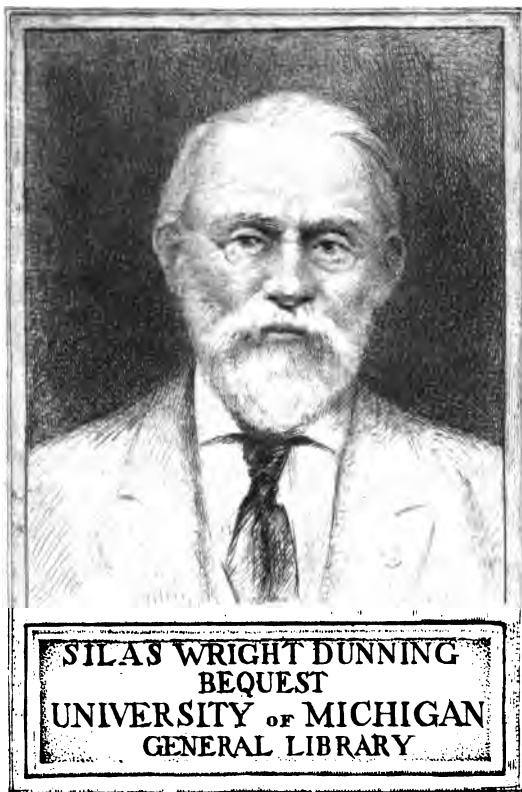
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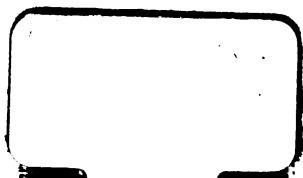
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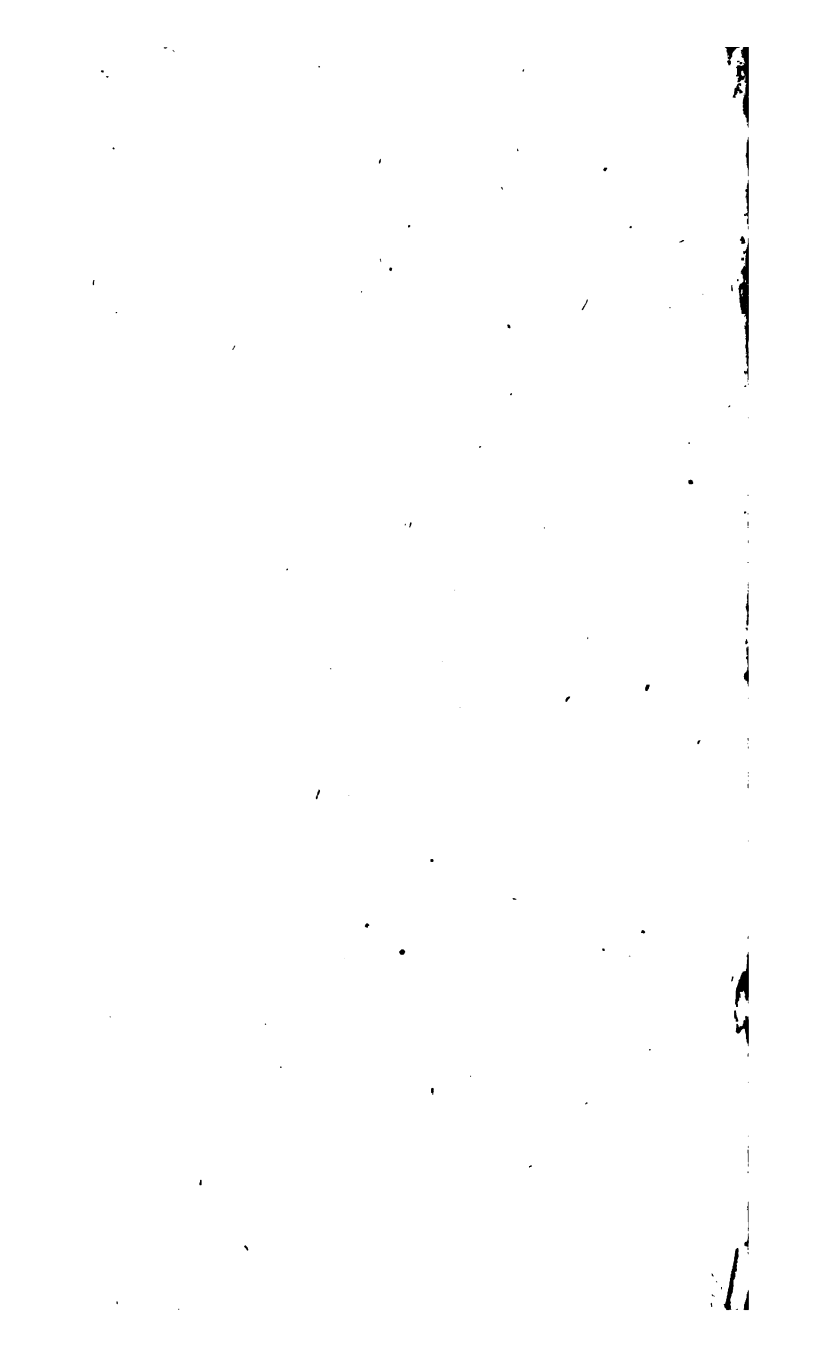


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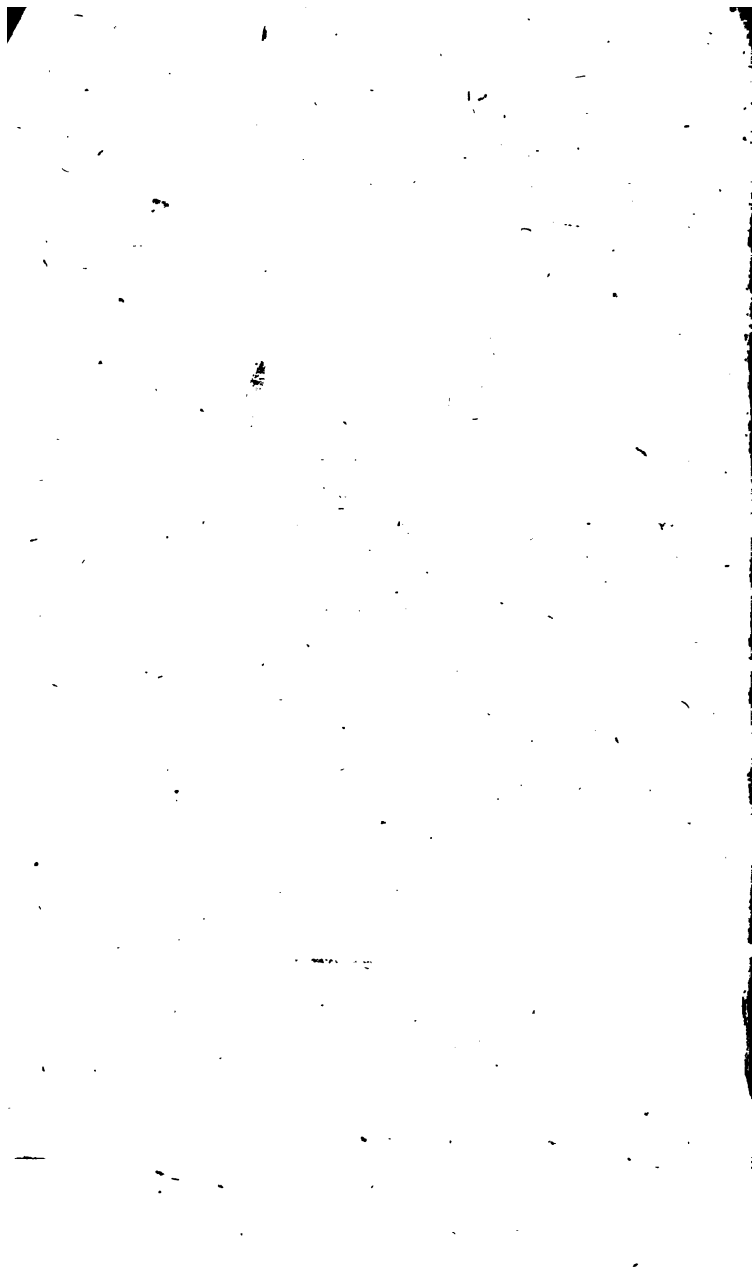
THEODORE CYPHON;

OR

THE BENEVOLENT JEW:

A NOVEL.

VOL. II.



THEODORE CYPHON;

OR

THE BENEVOLENT JEW:

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

GEORGE WALKER,

AUTHOR OF THE HOUSE OF TYNIAN, &c.

VOL. II.

Ah! wilt thou then recal the scene of woe,
And teach again my scalding tears to flow?
Thou know'st not how tremendous is the tale;
My brain-will madden, and my utterance fail.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

London:

PRINTED FOR B. CROSBY, NO. 4, STATIONERS
COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1796.



Dunning
Bates
5-20-72
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THEODORE CYPHON.

CHAP. I.

Ne nos inducas in tentationem.

THE rain continued, though with abated violence till morning, which no sooner dawned upon the open country, than my spirits began to revive, and my indifference to give place to exertions of safety. I feared venturing into any house, and casting my eyes over the country, I perceived down the stream a thicket, which spread amongst a confusion of rocks and precipices, and promised to screen me from the malevolence of pursuit.

I hastened from the dangerous situation on which I had passed so many hours of suspense, continuing my way to the thicket, every mo-

ment turning to see if I was observed. With all the timidity of a robber, I sought some obscure corner of concealment, first breaking off a branch of crab tree for my defence, and a quantity of its fruit for food.

Beneath a hanging rock which projected in a sloping direction, sufficient to turn off the rain, and wholly concealed by brambles and thorn trees, I sat down to my breakfast, no longer wondering that man had ever tasted acorns with pleasure, when I experienced the gust liberty and hunger gave my acid repast. I stretched out my limbs on the turf with satisfaction, tho' benumbed by damp and cold. I felt a glow of delight, in the consciousness that no bolts and walls prevented my ranging, whilst in fact I was as much a prisoner as before.

"Now," cried I, tyrant, "the struggle for power is at an end. Have not I triumphed over all your schemes?" I forgot Eliza, in fancying the consternation of my keepers, and sunk asleep amidst

amidst cheering reflections. When I awoke, the sun had chased away the clouds, a delightful freshness filled the air, a profusion of sweets were borne upon the breeze, and I tasted in purity the delights of nature. I ventured to spread my clothes to the sun, I basked beneath its rays, transporting my imagination to the Attic shores, where the heroes of mankind spent their time in rurality. I lamented the deviation we had made from simplicity, at the same time that I acknowledged, I would not willingly return to the ignorance of the first ages.

-I durst not venture from my shelter, though pressed by hunger, whilst the light was sufficient to betray me, but when night again returned, I arose to depart. The old gentleman I have mentioned, as related to my mother, lived at the distance of forty miles, and my father having had an antipathy towards him ever after his marriage; I looked on his house as the most eligible sanctuary, for I perceived that men will oftentimes bestow a favour, to chagrin

an enemy, where charity might have sued in vain.

I picked my steps with caution in the dark, often entangling amongst the briars, till at length I found myself so involved in a labyrinth of precipices and quarries, as to have little chance of discovering the road. In this perplexity I stood for some time, when I was startled by the barking of a dog at a little distance. The recollection that I probably had little to fear, prevented my flight. The chance I had of meeting with a guide to conduct me from the wood, invigorated my courage, already high, from the necessity I had of food. In this disposition I advanced, and turning the corner of a rock, saw the rays of a fire shine from behind some bushes. I ventured further, and perceived a dog standing by, and some utensils scattered loosely on the ground. As I could see without being seen, I ventured silently and slowly, till I could perceive the figure of a decrepid old man, who rested himself upon a bundle of rushes, every
now

now and then adding a fresh twig to the fire, whilst he feasted on some broken bread and meat. My courage was wholly revived; I advanced up to him without hesitation, sitting down by the fire.

“Father,” said I, “I have lost my way, I am hungry, and if you please, will share your supper.”

This was the true laconic style, and with the word of welcome, he held out to me part of his provisions, and a draught from a bottle of ale.

“At this time of life,” said I, “your journeyings should have ceased, and those limbs, little able to endure the fatigues of travelling, have been provided for beneath the shelter of hospitality.”

“And do’st think then,” said he, “that for your boasted though miserable security, I would exchange the fresh fields and the freedom of
B 3 rambling,

rambling, to pine under the frowns of a greedy overseer? No; never whilst these gums can mumble a crust of bread, or this hand lift from the brook a delicious draught of Adam's ale."

I admired the indignation with which he spoke, and recollecting the vile practices of our village tyrants, I could not condemn his spirit of independence, and to amuse the time, made some trifling enquiries into his adventures.

My questions, perhaps, above the common ideas he was used to meet, excited his attention. He gazed upon me some time with a penetrative keenness, which filled me with uneasiness, then taking from his pocket a printed handbill, he gave it me to read.

It was an accurate description of myself, containing every particular of my dress; stating that I had escaped from a private mad-house, and lest my appearance of sanity might speak in my favour, it stated that at times I had considerable.

lucid

lucid intervals, which gave place to acts of the greatest outrage; concluding with a hundred pounds reward to any one who would bring me to Squire Cyphon, or give information of my route, so as to be a means of my recovery.

I was struck dumb with astonishment, to find that even the bosom of the rocks could not conceal me; and shocked to meet a repetition of that anger which had burnt for more than sixteen months, and during that time had inflicted torture on its victim without satiety. "Well, father," said I, throwing the paper into the fire, "do you intend to have the hundred pounds, by conducting me back to a prison I abhor, to a dungeon worse than the workhouse you detest, and in whose place you prefer the precarious existence of chance?"

"Do'st think that I will," said he, "what care I for the hundred pounds; a man cannot want what he never possessed."—"I would reward you," returned I, "but I have been rob-

bed of every farthing; I have not sixpence to procure a morsel of bread."—"As to that," said he, "courage my lad, thou shalt not want. I will to-morrow go to the village, and bring us sufficient, and when thee be'st rich, thee shalt repay me."

I admired those honest sentiments, dictated from the heart of hospitality, and thanking him for so unexpected a kindness, laid down on a corner of his blanket, exulting that men were yet to be found, who could rise above meanness and treachery, though tempted by offers far above their station. "Here," thought I, "is a man destitute almost of the necessaries of life, yet will not grasp the means of comparative affluence, when he must pluck it with the rank weed of treachery; how happy then would mankind be, were they equally poor, without a knowledge of the fascination of pomp and splendour."

We

We arose in the morning, fresh as the beasts who browse the herbs, and by the side of a silver stream feasted on the remnants of charity, distributing a portion to the faithful dog. I agreed to remain on the spot till his return from the village, from whence I expected news that might influence my future conduct. I spent the time of his absence in walking amongst the bushes, and gathering the wild fruit, sometimes stopping to listen if he was returning, and again fearing, from the length of his absence, he had designs of betraying me. I had wandered some hundred yards from our retreat into a deep kind of glen, so full of bramble bushes, that it was difficult to pass, when I heard the voices of several men at a little distance. I instantly crouched, (as a hare when she catches the voice of the hunter in the swelling breeze) endeavouring to distinguish their discourse.

"Are you sure it be's he," said one, "it will be a fine hawl, my old dad, if we take him."

"O he's as simple as a child," replied the man.

of *genuine hospitality*, " he has no suspicion in the world, and we shall be cock sure of the money. For certain I should not have betrayed him, but you know a hundred pounds is a hundred pounds, and not every day to be lighted on."

I was greatly shocked at this baseness; I began to abhor my fellow-creatures, and almost resolved to march boldly up, and punish his treachery: a moment brought with it an excuse. The temptation was irresistible, and poverty, whilst it has before its eyes the splendour of riches, easily believes in them, charms they do not possess. I waited till they had passed, and till I supposed they had given up the search as useless, one of them having returned through the hollow where I lay, without discovering me.

" What !" cried I, to myself, " what have I done, that I should thus fear the day like a man guilty of a crime? Am not I in Britain, where
justice

justice is supreme, why then remain longer the subject of fear to every wind that blows."

I started up, and taking my crab-stick in my hand, marched forward with the fixed purpose of opposing violence to violence. I passed behind the village, and entered upon the public road. Every eye that met me, I fancied gazed upon me with curiosity, implying doubt and hesitation. I brandished my stick over my shoulder, and assuming a look of fierceness, continued my pace, every moment increasing my confidence, as no one ventured to touch me, probably owing to my reported madness; for in a country place every whisper is circulated with speed, accumulating wonder as it passes: thus I was considered stronger than any five men; as able to leap from the top of a house unhurt, to break and bend iron bars the thickness of a kitchen range, and that with a kick of my foot I could splinter a church-door.

This I had learnt from the old beggar, and therefore could easily account for the fear I perceived in several people who passed me ; but I, who knew the weakness of my strength, dreaded lest they should unite, and overpower me by numbers, in hopes of the reward. My haughty and undaunted carriage was, however, more in my favour than I could have supposed, as it supported the tale, and those who met and knew me, I afterwards learnt, declared that the froth ran out of my mouth, that my eyes rolled, and that I grinned in a frightful manner.

Amused in part by the follies of men, and encouraged by my success, I ventured to enter the next village, which being the post town, contained an inn of some note. I walked into the yard, the people giving me the way, and seeing a post chaise ready to depart, I assumed a tone of authority, and opening the door, bade the postilion drive to Helton Hall, the residence of my uncle. The landlord gave him a wink, and whispered something, I doubted not was an order

order to drive me to my father's. This was in fact the case, he striking off from the village in the contrary road to what I wished. I looked out of the window to see if we were followed, and not perceiving any one, I exerted my voice to stop him, threatening if he did not instantly turn to the road I had ordered, I would tear him and his horses into a million of pieces. The poor fellow trembled at my voice and gesture, no doubt wishing as soon as possible to discharge his fare, he clapped spurs to his horses, and without waiting to change, urged forward to Helton Hall. It was the dusk of the evening when we stopped; the porter opened the door, shutting it again in a hurry, the moment he saw me, swearing he should not admit a madman to murder them. "You see," said I, turning to the postilion, "I cannot pay you at present, but call to-morrow, and I will make you amends." "Thank your honour," replied he, bowing to the ground, and no doubt rejoicing he was so cheaply rid of the madman, mounted, and drove off

off at full speed, every now and then looking behind him.

I was extremely puzzled at this treatment of my uncle, which I doubted not arose merely from his believing the report in common with others, and sat down on the steps, expecting some one would bring me a further message. In less than five minutes my cousin Edward came up with his gun, having been shooting; he started at my presence, and stopped without resolution to advance.

I held out my hand to him.—“Ned,” said I, “surely you do not credit all this farce of my insanity, one of the most abominable schemes ever set on foot to harrafs the weak. I wish to speak to my uncle; what I have to say, will convince you both that I retain my senses, though that I do so after so much suffering, is the wonder.”

He

He paused a moment; and not perceiving any signs of distraction, consented to lead me to his father. The old gentleman could scarcely credit the story I told him, so inconsistent did it appear with the character of a father, and so contrary to the boasted generosity of Theodoric. But the affair of Simpson, which he now heard for the first time, confirmed his belief, and insured his protection.

I could gain no intelligence of Mr. Hanson; and now being free from that perpetual alarm, which had called up every effort to repel approaching evil, all my tenderness for Eliza again rushed upon me. I sighed once more to behold her, to repeat to her my thoughts, and to interchange those sentiments of softness I had so long been deprived of. I could not for a moment suppose myself less dear to her than before; and I proposed, when I should have reduced my affairs to a train, to renew those claims she could not deny me.

It

It was necessary to act with caution, as I well knew the power my father possessed, and doubted not but the keeper was equal to any action, however criminal, which might tend to his own security. The plan I had proposed of living on my little estate, must prove abortive, it being folly to throw myself in their way, and dangerous even to trust myself within the orbit of their influence. It was, however, necessary that I should go to arrange my schemes, and to make every enquiry concerning Mr. Hanson. I had also a strong desire to visit that cottage, where my soul had first tasted the delight of love, and from whence had originated every subsequent distress. I longed to retrace the steps of Eliza, to lose my thoughts in those flights of imagination, that constitute the heaven of love, and entrances the mind in visions of fiction.

I proposed to my uncle Thompson, that he should purchase my little domain; and that his son, his steward, and two of his servants, should accompany me to view it, in the course of a few days.

days. This was agreeable to his wishes, the estate having belonged to his side of the family, and we arranged our plans accordingly. We provided ourselves with arms, in case of attempted violence, and in the dusk of the evening arrived at the village; the inn-keeper paying me his compliments on my restoration to health. After supper, accompanied by my cousin, I ventured towards Mr. Hanson's; but words cannot convey to you the damp which sunk upon my spirits at the sight prepared for me. In place of the neat cottage I expected—in place of the well-ordered garden, where virtue had once been busy, I beheld nothing but a waste; every vestige of a dwelling was removed, the palings of the garden torn up, and the little plat trod under foot by every passenger.

A heavy sigh escaped from the bottom of my heart. I cast myself down upon the ground in an agony of despair. “O,” cried I, “this is the bitterness of vengeance; this is the lust of destruction! O Eliza, Eliza! where art thou?”

My

My cousin Edward was affected to tears. I had made him the confident of my engagements; and though he condemned the great inequality of my choice, and thought, like the generality of men, that such an one might serve by way of amusement, to a person of my expectations; yet this unparalleled act of vindictive barbarity, called up every feeling of human nature to oppose it, rendering justifiable any opposition to so high an extended prerogative,

There is in our nature a passion of resistance, which hurries us even contrary to our reason and interests. We are to be led, and won upon, but till every spark of spirit is extinct, we cannot be driven. Did parents consider this, when they would controul the inclinations of children with an imperious will, much evil would be avoided. Every injury I received served only to widen a breach, at first made by an overbearing command. Though suffering as I did, I yet retained so much respect for the man whom I had once considered as a father, that I forbore
publishing

publishing to the world the treatment I had received; but this last wound sunk deep on my soul; it was a stroke I had not been prepared for, and was one of those trifles on which hung much of our happiness.

I became ashamed of indulging so much weakness at the destruction of a cottage; yet though I had often seen the action before, often seen the poor peasant, with his weeping wife, and barefoot children, driven out into the wilderness, I had not felt it myself, I had not experienced the horrid barbarity.

On this spot of earth, despoiled for my sake, I had intended to begin my researches; but now I had no point to proceed from, and returned, overwhelmed in grief, with my cousin to the inn. I endeavoured to draw some information from our host; but he knew nothing more than that the Hansons had disappeared suddenly, no one knew how; that all his goods had been sold for rent in arrear; and that his
son

son had been taken from college, and sent as chaplain on board a man of war, to a five years station in the East Indies.

Thus all traces appeared lost, the alehouse being the usual centre of news; but lest some private circumstance might remain with the villagers, I hastened to an elderly woman, who had been a slight acquaintance, and whose head contained a chronicle of anecdotes, and all the little tales which circulate in the country. She could scarcely believe at first that I was recovered; but when I enquired after the Hansons, her countenance assumed an air of heaviness.

“ I guess, master Theodore,” said she, shaking her head. “ We poor folks have no right to speak, or I should not think all fair as it ought to be. I hope you did not ruin that pretty Eliza, as was said.”—“ By whom?” cried I. “ Who dare asperse the character of ethereal virtue?”—“ I cannot say,” answered she, “ by whom it was said; but sure enough I heard

heard it; though, says I, at the time, I don't believe it; for master Cyphon is not like many of your rich folks, who think that a poor maiden is *honoured* if he *condescends* to ruin her. No, said I, he had other kind of sentiments, and to be sure the whole must be false."

"Well, but my good mother," said I, "let us leave these idle tales, and tell me if you know any thing where this family may be found; I believe I may be the cause of their ejection, and I would endeavour to repair the loss they have suffered."

"I guess your motive," said she, smiling. "Love, they say, will travel in the air. I know a young man like you, does not spend so much of his time in the company of girls for conversation; but as I said before, we poor people may think what we dare not say, nor is it to every one I would tell what I know."

"And

"And me," said I, "you make sufficiently pay for that knowledge: pray keep me no longer in suspense."

"I will tell you then," said she, lowering her voice, "it is whispered that your father has ruined poor Hanson, and taken away his character; so that he is in the greatest distress, and is gone to Liverpool, where his wife and daughters support themselves by washing and taking in plain work: but this you must not for the world say you had from me, as perhaps this little hovel would then be taken from me."

I could only learn in addition, that one of my uncle's servants had given her this information, under a promise of secrecy, having been employed by his master to carry a letter. To have found them at all gave me too much satisfaction to be checked by any attending circumstances of distress; and I could scarcely restrain the impatience which would have hurried me the same night towards Liverpool.

It

It was no sooner known through the village that I was amongst them, and in my proper senses, then they would have testified their joy by a bonfire, had not my desire of escaping observation forced me to restrain them; though I felt on this occasion that satisfaction a just magistrate or ruler must feel at public applause. It was a surety that now my person was safe; but I had too much suspicion of the influence a hundred pounds might have on individuals, and the secret machinations of my father, to trust myself out alone.

CHAP. II.

It was a vice, which, weigh'd in Heav'n shall more avail,
Than tenfold virtues in the other scale.

S—.

THE next day I ventured through the country to my little estate, and having adjusted the terms with my cousin, I set out in the highest impatience for Liverpool, delighting myself by the way with the unexpected pleasure I should diffuse, and the change I had power to make in their affairs. I propos'd to seclude myself and them in the wilds of Wales, breathing the air which had nourished the sons of independence; but though there is scarcely a more refined pleasure than this anticipation of fancy, few would take delight in its recapitulation; I therefore hastened to Liverpool, where I instantly began my enquiries.

The

The poverty of the Hansons had shrouded them from notice, and the obscurity with which they lived, concealed them from common observation. I enquired at the post-house, but to them the name was unknown, and chance alone remained to conduct me. I waited with impatience till the Sunday, when I hastened from one church to another, in hopes of discovering some of the girls in the assembly; but without effect.

The next day I ranged over the milliner's shops, having recollected that they took in plain work, but the general answer was a negation, with smiles and insignificant questions. Thus defeated and saddened by disappointment, I wandered about the town, visiting every court and turning, in hopes of seeing or being seen by them, till I had almost persuaded myself they could not be in the place, and as a last effort was going to advertise for them, when I one morning perceived a servant of Theodoric's walking down a cross street.

VOL. II.

C

I followed

I followed at a cautious distance, not doubting to whom his errand was directed, though I could not conceive the intention, unless it related to myself. He entered a house, which on the outside appeared untenable, and which I had noted in my rambles as fit for the rendezvous of thieves. It had no outer door, and was in fact, little superior to a pile of rubbish. I took my station in an obscure corner, not wishing to be observed by him, and at the same time wishing to see if any of the Hansons appeared. I remained near half an hour in this suspense; I then saw him standing in the entry with a person weeping, and seemingly supplicating, whom I judged to be Mrs. Hanson.

I felt an impulsive motion to fly, to remove those tears, to gaze on my beloved Eliza, but I had sufficient discretion to restrain my impetuosity till his departure, which he did with the air of a man entrusted with concerns of importance.

Though

Though now so near the object of my desires, I feared to present myself before her. I seemed to enjoy the pleasure of expectation, and to delay the reality—indeed I wanted courage to present myself to those who had suffered so much for my sake, and I almost doubted the reception I should meet. I ventured into the passage, I eyed the place round, and listened, if possible to hear some of their well known voices. I advanced slowly up the half broken stairs, and raising up my eyes, saw a female pass along the landing from one room to another; her handkerchief was at her eyes and concealed her face, but her form, her motion, was that of Eliza's. I trembled, and stood still for a moment, then recollecting that this might be the best opportunity of presenting myself to the family, I endeavoured to be collected.

I tapped at the door, which Mrs. Hanson opened with a scream of terror, and my name was repeated by the girls, with exclamations of surprise and joy. All my enquiries were di-

rected for Eliza. I burned with irresistible impatience to see her. I scarcely remember the circumstances of our meeting; but she wept, and for some time I clasped her in my arms, without power to articulate. My joy was too great to admit of exclamations. It was a silent kind of rapture which spent itself in sighs, and ended in tears.

When I could take notice of any thing about me, I was shocked at the appearance of misery, and substitutes of poverty. The pride of my sisters elect returning, they blushed, endeavouring to conceal many little things, custom had not yet familiarized. Poor Hanson was in the chamber I had observed Eliza enter; his grief at the destruction of his family, the fate impending over his daughters, sunk down the spirits of the virtuous man; even conscious innocence was inadequate to his support—his health daily declined, his spirit was broken, and the fire of his eyes now no longer flashed with animation, turning with languid dejection on those hapless females,

females, whom he feared to leave, yet had not power to take from a world, where their beauty was their bane, where their qualifications were only incitements to destruction, and where the delicate feelings of the lower ranks of life, are matter of jest and ridicule to those whose only *valuable* distinction is possession of wealth.

He was sitting in a chair when I entered, and would have arisen to receive me, had his strength permitted; but unable, he held out his hand, and faintly smiling, expressed his satisfaction at seeing me. Indignation swelled my heart at the author of these sufferings, and I regretted the tie of consanguinity. I endeavoured to rouse his drooping spirits, and cheer him with sun-shining prospects. I reminded him of his promise, that after a year's probation, he would advance my suit with his daughter, and I laid before him the scheme of calm retirement I had projected.

“As we are alone,” said he, “I will tell you, Theodore, my fears and my wishes, with that sincerity becoming a man about to leave the confusion of life.”

“I know well that this partiality for my daughter arises from the manner of your education; for though the heir of great riches, you have seen little of life. I fear then, in giving my consent, that the time will come, when you will repent this opposition to your father, and regret having taken a wife, whose endowment is poverty and beauty.”

“Permit me,” cried I, in a tone of impatience, “to put you right, and shew you that my preference arises not from the vain motive you suppose. I confess I admire the beautiful person of Eliza, but how many more are there equal, if not superior. I equally condemn that weakness of judgment, which loses itself in romanticity, is cherished only by opposition, and dreams all day of love in a cottage: but in what
cottage

cottage shall be found a girl with the real and solid advantages of Eliza? I had almost said in what palace.—Though obliged, like the Roman damsel, to labour at the spinning wheel, she has had your precepts to instruct her in all the valuable knowledge becoming a woman, and though she wants, 'tis true, the superficial accomplishments of music and dancing; these, if necessary, she may easily acquire. See then, the most refined reasoning can only advance, that she is poor, and I am not rich."

"Love," replied Mr. Hanson, with a calm smile, "is, I know, a deluding sophist, and I acknowledge, though I would save appearances, I should not be sorry to see my daughter established with so much security; yet my character as a clergyman of that form of faith, so far superior to every other, particularly forbids my acting without your father's approbation."

"And can you," cried I, "after all I have suffered, have the cruelty to appeal to him,

when you are confident that appeal would be to ask a proscription? Is there no moment when this fancied tie shall cease? No circumstance sufficient to dissolve the obligation?"

"Yes," he replied, "wait till you are of age, you may then dispose of yourself; in the mean time take a journey to London, and taste the charms of variety. You will then see things in another light, and shake off those notions you have imbibed, which indeed besit the character of a man, but not a man of the world of fashion."

"Remember," said I, "the ill consequences of your first prohibition; think to what you expose your daughters, by leaving them in case of your death, without one in whom they can trust for protection; and tell me if the hazard you run is worth the idle difference of a few months."

"You

"You must not take me so," he replied; "I know my duty, and though severe, it must be done, neither indeed will the law consider you as legally married within that period."

"The law," cried I, "allows nothing to the feelings of a lover, it makes no distinction of persons."

This was our first conversation, and the model of several subsequent, but I found his firmness not to be shaken; and pleased, nay, happy in the intercourse I enjoyed with Eliza, the time was far from heavy on my hands: I never ventured from this retreat, its obscurity secluded me from danger, and I began to flatter myself the anger of my father had evaporated, or that he was willing to be a passive spectator of my actions. In this, however, I was mistaken; he was perfectly acquainted with my movements, but not desiring to proceed to open violence, he sent a letter to Mr. Hanson, containing the most imperious commands instantly to

dismiss me, or shudder at the punishment he was preparing to inflict on those who disobeyed his injunctions.

“And will you,” cried I, “bend your neck to the yoke? Will you voluntarily become the slave of despotism like this? Give me your daughter, and smile at his menaces.”

“Theodore,” replied he, scarcely able to speak, “you ask impossibilities. Do you not perceive that he is acquainted with your being here? You are not yet of age; you cannot procure a licence wanting his approbation; to go to Scotland is impossible; and though I now heartily consent to your union, I see not how it can be effected.”

“Am I then,” cried I, “so miserable a being, that the moment I am within grasp of felicity, I am to be hurried away to a distance? Am I ever to be cheated by the phantoms of expectation? What, my dear friend, my preceptor,

ceptor, my father, prevents you from making us both happy? What inconvenience can ensue? "The wrongs we have all suffered call for measures of energy, and heaven must sanction the union it appoints, by binding our desires, by bringing us together, though the powers of man were exerted to oppose us."

He shook his head at this train of reasonings; a tear started from his eye, and in silence he rested his head upon the table. This was the moment of doubt and deliberation. I flew to where Eliza was, and taking her hand, I pressed it to my lips with wildness—"Come," cried I, "we are instantly to be married, we must now, if ever, offer up our vows of unity."—Crimson glowed on the cheeks of Eliza, she half rose, but sinking down with surprise and confusion, found it difficult to breathe. A glass of water recovered her, and she assumed so much resolution, as to enquire why I was in this haste. "Because," cried I, "I cannot live without you, because they would tear us asunder.—Come,

C 6

then,

then, my Eliza, my love, your father waits for you."—"My father," repeated she, whilst she tremblingly arose, and holding by the arm of her mother, we returned to his room.

"Here, my dear sir," cried I, "here are your children, can you refuse our request? Can you pronounce the sentence of our parting for ever?"

"No," said he, deeply sighing, I cannot. Forgive me, Father of Mercies, if I am wrong, and pity the weakness of a parent, who would shelter from the storms of life, one of those little ones thou hast given him in trust."

The turbulence of passion, which had carried me from myself, subsided at this solemn request. I turned round to dry up the tears that flowed from the eyes of Eliza; and to establish her confidence, which was partly restored by the presence of her father, and the soothing expressions of her mother.

With

With difficulty and many pauses, Mr. Hanson read over the ceremony, his wife's ring serving as the pledge of my faith; and thus the letter intended to part us for ever, had been the means of a precipitate union: but alas! few were the expressions of satisfaction which could attend a marriage so strange and so sudden, that whilst I pressed a kiss on the lips of Eliza, I had difficulty to believe she was indeed my wife.

I wrote next day an account of this event to my cousin, desiring he would meet me at an appointed place, and accompany us to Wales. Though visibly declining, I had some hopes the air of the mountains, and the calm I expected we should enjoy, would restore Mr. Hanson, and render his company a delightful addition to retirement.

As my uncle Theodoric had never appeared openly against me, nay, had twice sent the Hansons a small present, I concluded he might only be distant on my father's account. I therefore

fore wrote him word of my marriage, with thanks for his kindness during my youth: thus publishing myself what policy should have taught me to conceal till I had been of age.

The promised vengeance of my father had not begun to act. I puzzled myself to conceive how he could any way affect me. I believed it might be merely a vaunt, to try the extent of his authority, and on that ground even ventured in public with Eliza.

My cousin arrived as we had appointed; he had even taken so much interest in my service, as to enquire out a spot suited to my taste and finances: and wafted by this sudden gale of good fortune, we took possession of our little domain.

My cousin remained with us a month; and as all was peace and tranquillity during his stay, I looked on him as a protecting angel, and would have retained him longer, had not a little incident

dent prevented my desiring it. We were walking out together one morning, when he informed me, that he must depart the day after to-morrow; and on my enquiring why, he replied—

“ I am charmed with your example, but pride will not permit me to follow it. I am half in love with Sophia; and were she my equal would rejoice to make her my wife; and as it is, delicacy and honour forbid me to think of her in any other way.”

“ And thus,” said I, “ to a false pride you would sacrifice your judgment. Have you not sufficient to be free in your choice, to place it where you will? or is the possession of wealth only to make us slaves to the opinion of others, and to give up every taste of our own? This is the peculiar curse attached to royalty, that they are shut out from all the affections of friendship, sincerity and love.”

“ The

"The world, my dear cousin," said he: "We must (though I own the folly) swim down with the tide, or be liable to the ridicule of our friends; and truly, I could ill bear to hear it whispered when I entered a ball-room, "Is that her? Humph! She's tolerable though, considering the education she must have had."—"Do you know, Mr. I'm told she's a poor clergyman's daughter, without a fixpence, and of such *vast* virtue, that poor Corydon was obliged to bow to Hymen."

"Well," said I, "I shall not be tempted into ball-rooms; and were I, I should impute the whispers of defamation to malicious revenge, or the spiteful insinuations of an unsuccessful candidate."

"Be it so," said he; "but I must fly where I cannot conquer; and will give five hundred pounds to the man she shall choose as a husband."

I was

I was astonished at this heroic pitch of generosity, which I admired, but could not have imitated: and this difference (for I was willing to flatter my self-esteem) arose from the nature and the length of the connection, as well as the variety of our tempers. He had not, like me, been years the companion of his choice; his acquaintance was but of a month, and therefore it was comparatively easy to nip passion in the bud.

I parted from him with regret. I considered myself now as securely settled; and took pleasure in planning with Eliza several little improvements; joking with her on the addition we should receive from the increase of our family; and representing, that time might even reconcile my father to a marriage, against which pride alone could object. Thus we began to settle into the routine of a domestic life, when we were surprized by a visit from my uncle Theodoric. He expressed his satisfaction at the spot I had chosen, and after a gentle remonstrance

france at the degradation I had been guilty of, acknowledged that Eliza was some excuse; and that it should be his endeavour to bring my father to terms.

My heart overflowed with gratitude at so unexpected a kindness; and if I entertained no very sanguine hopes from his interposition, I expected at least an assurance of tranquillity. The charming Eliza gave delight to the hours; and, sunk in the lap of repose and indulgence, I foresaw not the hideous ruin prepared for me—I saw not the dreadful chasm which was to break beneath my feet, and entomb in its cavities every particle of remaining bliss.

I perceived (for love is eagle-eyed) that in the smiles and caresses of Eliza, there was an air of sorrow, that in her gayest moments she would pause and sigh. I had more than once caught her weeping in her chamber, which she imputed to her fears on account of her father. But as her father might be said to grow better, if any change

change was visible, I was ill satisfied. Tormenting myself with a thousand conjectures, my final conclusion was, that something in my behaviour disgusted her, though her delicacy restrained her complaints; and grieved at her want of confidence, which should have led her to unbosem all her complaints to me, and repose in my love every doubt or alarm, I mentioned my suspicions to Mr. Hanson, desiring his advice.

“Theodore,” said he, “I am about to cut you to the heart. My daughter, unable longer to be silent, has besought me to unfold to you the cause of her grief, as more capable of supporting the detail. You must prepare to hear with calmness, a progression of villainy, such as fortitude alone will enable you to combat and defeat. You are not ignorant of the grovelling, base disposition of your uncle; you remember his unjust treatment of the Simpsons; you will not wonder then if he has taken a fancy for
Eliza,

Eliza, or if he uses violence to obtain his desires."

I was struck dumb at this opening; the blood forsook my cheeks, and my lips quivered in reply. My emotions were so violent, that I found it difficult to breathe, and gasped several times for air. Mr. Hanson was alarmed; he entreated me to be calm, that he might continue what he had to say; to which I listened with silent, though exquisite torture.

"You are already aware of the visits made us by Theodoric's servants; under the specious pretence of bringing us a trifling supply, unknown to your father, but in reality with terms of the most scandalous nature to Eliza. He endeavoured to move her by the consideration of her family; he proposed, as part of the wages of prostitution, that I should be re-established, and my declining years protected; that her sisters should be portioned to deserving men, and her brother sent for from India, and settled in

in a good curacy: but these she had resolution to withstand. But when the contrast of certain ruin was presented—when she appeared then the cause of our destruction, her heart became sick; and she has confessed her mind wavered; no personal injury appearing equal to what we must suffer for her sake; for she was ready to apply to herself the admirable song of Robin Gray:

My mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break.

“It was at this time you returned to us, and overbalanced her projected sacrifice. She concealed from you, and from us, the vile offers she had received, and fancying they would never be again repeated, assumed her usual tranquillity. The visit of your uncle renewed her distress; and though she, by every stratagem, endeavoured to avoid meeting with him alone, he has found opportunity again to urge his offers by promises; and threatening, he has denounced (in case of her resistance) on me, and on you, everlasting

everlasting vengeance. His words were, that the anger of Squire Cyphon, compared to his, should be as the blowing of the south wind to the irresistible fury of the north. He has even ventured to attempt violence. Unable longer to suffer in silence, from fear of what consequences may follow, she has besought me to desire you would forbid his presence, and endeavour to provide against his threats."

I had some difficulty to withhold myself from instantly flying to wreak my vengeance upon him, but policy suggested the necessity of dissimulation. I flew to Eliza, to soothe her with my caresses, to quiet her fears, and to assure her, he might indeed threaten, but he had not the power to perform.

The task of appearing with my usual tranquillity before Theodoric, was too difficult for performance. Passion dyed my cheeks in scarlet the moment he approached: I trembled with rage, and was obliged to turn from him to subdue

due my anger. He saw instantly the change in my behaviour; and not doubting my knowledge of his perfidy, smothered his resentment, but informed me, that he had received intelligence, requiring his return that evening. I made no attempt to prevent him; I could not even conceal my satisfaction, flattering myself that his absence would restore us tranquillity, and that I had nothing immediately to fear from his enmity.

In fact, I was at a loss to discover from what quarter, and in what form, his threats were to commence their action. I was unconscious of a positive breach of the laws of my country; I possessed in Britain a freehold estate; I owed no man a shilling; and confiding in my own innocence, could not possibly guess that persecution hovered over us.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

ON the second day after his departure, Mr. Hanfon being something better, and pleased with the cheerfulness in our faces, removed from his room to partake a trifling feast we had provided, and to enjoy the little fallies of youthful sport, when our entertainment was destroyed by the entrance of two officers of justice, with a warrant to apprehend Mr. Hanfon for felony.

“For felony?” cried I, starting up, whilst the women trembled and turned pale.—“Your mistake, my good sirs, Mr. Hanfon never was guilty of an illegality.”

“That,” replied they, “is not our business; for the gentleman’s sake I hope so, but he will do better to prove it on his trial than here. Are you ready to go sir?” turning to Mr. Hanfon.

In

In the moment of persecution, though oppressed by the weakness of disease, that excellent man was firm and collected: he rose, and giving his hand to the officer, declared it was perfectly right, he knew for what he had to suffer, but he did not repent. "I conjure you not to grieve," said he, to us—"Your distress afflicts me infinitely more than this mandate of justice."

"And what," demanded I, "is the crime you are charged with?" "It is," answered the officer, "the act of marrying clandestinely two persons under age." "It is me then," cried I, "who have ruined you. It is I, who from motives of self-interest, have brought you to dishonour, and perhaps to public shame. But, sir, said I, scarce knowing what I said; cannot you, cannot you, accept me, who am in fact the only guilty person, in place of this gentleman, who is too fast declining to suffer long the punishment you would inflict." I was called to my recollection by the complaints of Mrs. Hanson; her daughters hung round their father in tears,

and offered up to heaven the most earnest prayers.

"And can you," said I, "tear from the bosom of his family, a man who, morally, has been guilty of no crime? Is your hearts so savage, as to lead a man in his situation to a prison where privation of air will anticipate his sentence?"

"All this is nothing to the purpose," replied one, "our duty must be done; come, sir, we must not stand upon ceremony."

Thus, in one moment, were we dashed from our elevation to the ground, and the cup of bitterness held up to our lips. I knew perfectly well to whom this stroke was to be imputed, but that I might not, by attending my duty, leave behind me my wife exposed to outrage, I accompanied Mr. Hanson, with my family, to the town where the county jail was.

I paid

I paid a visit to my uncle Thompson, to secure his interest, but had it been of avail, he was too ill to take any active part, and his son was engaged attending by his bed.

I now reproached myself for my ill-judged impatience, and felt as though I had been the sole cause of this calamity, a calamity not a little augmented by the grief which incessantly preyed upon Eliza, and embittered every hour. The health of Mr. Hanson now daily and visibly declined, and though his trial was to come on in less than a month, I had doubts of his living to see it over; but whilst I was preparing to support his counsel with what little argument I was master of, I was myself nearly overwhelmed in another process, of a nature which touched me in the nearest relation, and like the goad of a driver, urged me (already irritated) nearly to madness. This was no other than a suit, instituted on the part of my father, to annul my marriage as void.

Thus hampered in the toils of a villainy, I would gladly have found shelter in the untrod desert. I detested the proceedings of men, who under colour of justice and law, could trample on the sacred ties of union, and for a mere point of formality, adjudge a punishment greater than was annexed to a rupture of the public peace, or an outrage against society.

The detestable Theodoric, now he had pushed us he fancied into a strait without escape, had the effrontery to make overtures to Eliza; and to shade his proceedings, advanced, that as she was not my wife, she was at that moment living with me in a state of licentiousness, and therefore her acceptance of himself was only a change of masters, so much indeed for the better, that whilst I should heap upon her and her relations nothing but miseries, he would even now stretch out his arm to save them, and place them in wealth and happiness.

I was

I was astonished at an impudence so glaring, and sighed for some opportunity of returning vengeance on his head. Meantime the trial of Mr. Hanson came on, and turned upon two questions, their being no witness who could legally be forced to give evidence.

The questions were, are you married? Who married you? By a singular accident our case came on the next, and Mr. Hanson being found guilty, was remanded back till sentence could be pronounced. I had difficulty to retain calmness sufficient to recollect my defence; having determined to plead myself, conscious that much depended on touching those passions, a disinterested person could not easily affect.

The case was proved to the satisfaction of the judges, that being not only under age, and with the absolute dissent of my father, but even without banns, and in a private chamber, the marriage ceremony had been performed, it was to all

Intents and purposes void. I arose, and after obtaining leave, entered on the defensive.

“ In the first place,” said I, “ you have this instant pronounced a man guilty, for the very act you are now going to prove was of none effect, for either I am married, or I am not married. If Mr. Hanson is guilty of felony for having married us, then I am married, and he suffers the penalty; if I am not married, surely you cannot transport a man fourteen years, for the mere act of reading over the marriage ceremony, which a layman might have done as well, and to the self-same purpose. Thus the one proposition is a negation of the other. But, my Lords, you have condemned Mr. Hanson for having married us in a private chamber. Do you think the meanness of the place is a difference in the sight of God?—But I ask your pardon for mentioning one who has so little to do in this case. I will proceed to state in a lawful way—you hold, that the vows we have made, the ceremony we have used, is not binding according

ing to law; but I ask, do you not allow the *contract* to be so binding, as almost to amount to marriage, and even to legalize a process of alimony, when a man simply says to a woman, *I will marry you*, and she, without replying in the affirmative, barely does not oppose it by word or deed?—Here then, cried I, is a clash—in one point the mere presumption is held good, in the other, the most solemn engagements done away. My lords, I am extremely sorry farther to trespass, and I hope what I now advance, may be considered of serious importance, and which otherwise will convert into a jest those laws, which but for the minions of power and chicanery, would render seven millions of people blessed. It will be advanced, that as a minor, I could not contract an engagement, my minority is now expired, so trifling was the difference. But I ask, does not the law allow a minor to contract for necessities? A wife then is, not a necessary—but a companion, (I would soften the term of reproach) a companion then is; and thus in effect, the law is converted into

a sanction of prostitution. How many of our nobles and gentlemen, whose morals are naturally good, and who would have married but for this restriction, which would throw nature into fetters, keep mistresses in private? How many—”

I was here called to order, and desired to plead to the question, and not to points of law.

“I have done then,” said I, “I know it is an ungrateful subject, but this I would enquire, if my divorce is to be a *thoro et mensa*?”

“No,” replied the judge, “that would be supposing the marriage to have actually taken place, but here there is a nullity *ab initio*, and you are each allowed to contract elsewhere.”

“Then, my lord,” said I, “this is making a farce of your court. You annul my marriage to-day, I am of age and at liberty to contract it again to-morrow: and I pledge myself before this honourable court, before all those who are here assembled, that I will have no other

other wife than this Eliza Hanson, which public promise I hold tantamount to an engagement on parchment. And now, my lords, and you, gentlemen of the jury, I will trespass yet a moment, in order to hold up to your detestation, the man who, in fact, is the instigator of these rigorous proceedings; and though infamy will brand his name, I fear it will not correct his vitiated habits."

"Hold!" cried the judge, "we must not allow defamation in open court, and as this process is instituted on the part of your relations, surely you would not through them wound yourself."

I bowed, and remained silent, satisfied by the countenances of my father and uncle, that I yet held in my hand a power to inflict punishment, by discovering to the world the depth of their injustice.

Being discharged from the court, and divorced from Eliza, I would have proceeded instantly to procure a licence, had I not been withheld by my concern for Mr. Hanson. His wife and daughters were weeping beside him, and my entrance seemed to augment their distress. I pressed my beloved Eliza to my bosom in one corner of the dungeon; we wept at our misfortunes, endeavouring to give comfort to each other; but our father and friend, in the last stage of a decline, confined by heavy irons, on a bed of straw, was a picture too shocking to be dwelt on; whilst his wife and daughters wept beside him, and not a little augmented his sufferings by their complaints.

In this distress (for a sum of money) we were allowed to pass the night together, compared with which, my former imprisonment, when condemned to brood alone on my sufferings, was pleasure itself: so false is that maxim which fancies a division of distress, by sharing it with those we love. No sleep closed my eyes, no
dreams

dreams of delicious fallacy deluded me a moment from the scenes before me; all was one dark prospect: and the misery was augmented by remembering that a father's hand was exalted to destroy when it should have saved: and if, thro' the heat of youth, I had been led astray, he should have attempted gently to reclaim; but now every new infliction raised up the bitterness of hatred; I abhorred the very presentation of his image, and imprecated on the head of Theodoric ineffectual curses.

In this temper of mind, the morning dawned upon me through the gratings of the cell. My companions enjoyed a disturbed kind of slumber. I hung over Eliza with that kind of sensation a mother must feel for the child of her loves, and whose existence she knows to be marked with fatality. I traced with fondness every moulding of feature, every grace that had charmed my youth; and depicted those smiles which had once dimpled round her mouth. At my approach a tear fell upon her cheek; I stooped to

imprint upon her forehead a kiss, and sighed as over a treasure about to be torn from me.

Moved by the impression of some dream, she stretched out her arms, and clasped me to her, murmuring in a half broken voice—"No, my husband, they shall not tear me from you." This little incident touched too deeply on my feelings to be borne; I started up—I folded my hands. "It is too much, too much for nature to suffer!" cried I. "O God, give my soul revenge; let retribution no longer be still."

My friends awoke at this exclamation, which I was ashamed to own; and after enquiring the health of Mr. Hanson, I went out to enjoy the air, to reflect on the steps I should take.—Wearied and disgusted with what I had suffered in England, and seeing no end to the vindication of my father, or the nefarious practices of my uncle, I adopted the design of attending Mr. Hanson to America, and settling in some impenetrable forest, where the labour of our hands might

might supply our exigencies, and the surplus provide against the intrusions of weather, and perhaps in time afford us some of those superfluities, which are like fruits on the road across a parched land.

I began to calculate our expences, and the probability of success in such an undertaking, until I had finally established our residence. I pleased myself with the patriarchal prospect till I had lost myself in the wilderness; and was brought back to a remembrance of the ills that overwhelmed me in torrents, by a tap on the shoulder, and the magic words of "Sir, you are the king's prisoner."

"I may as well," said I, carelessly, "be the king's prisoner as not; but I should be glad to know how I have offended him whom I never saw."—"Here is a writ," said the fellow, "at the suit of Theodoric Cyphon, alias Lord D—, for board, lodging, and education, to the amount of two thousand pounds in sterling currency."

I was

I was struck dumb at this demand; and not having any one to give bail, nor choosing to be taken to a bailiff's, was conveyed to the debtor's side of the prison. I was so accustomed to unforeseen accidents, that I cannot say, after the first surprise, I experienced any new dejection; for being pressed down to the lowest, and blunted to trifles, one grand consideration alone engaged my attention. The shock was, however, too much for Mr. Hanson; it in one moment dashed to the ground all his hopes of his daughter's security. He saw that even our marriage was dissolved, and that power could trample on every obligation, moral and human.

It was with difficulty I obtained permission to visit him. "Theodore," said he, "and you, my children, I am conscious that now my exertions are over; that this world will not long contain a soul that hath suffered the inflictions of malignity. I have striven to suffer with patience, to trust in Heaven for support, and if I sink beneath the trial, the weakness of humanity

nity must plead for pardon. One thing—but one thing—I would impress upon you all, it is the only legacy I can bequeath you, and that is, deviate not from the line of moral rectitude, and then, though trodden under foot by power, you will inwardly find yourselves far, very far, above your oppressors; you will possess that innate assurance which will open before you the gates of a smiling eternity, where the everlasting principle of life shall dispense to you an equivalent reward.”

A smile played round the mouth of the dying man; a momentary fire flashed in his eyes. Thus stretched on the straw, in the bottom of a dungeon, with no object of pleasure to excite his regret, he breathed out his soul with a gentle sigh, and a calmness the wicked can never inherit.

Blunted as I was, and deadened to the keen arrows of misery, I felt that yet I might be sensibly touched, that the fancied callosity of my heart

heart was vulnerable. I turned round my eyes, in a sort of stupor; I beheld Mrs. Hanson sinking down in a fainting fit; I saw grief in the faces of the girls so dreadfully fixed, that no tear started in their eye. I beheld the once lovely face of Eliza the image of death; I closed my eyes on the dreadful presentation, and found pleasure in believing myself nearly choking, and that I should soon be released.

A little cold water, dashed in my face by the jailer, however, recovered me, though my brain whirled with the shock, which had endangered rationality. My former spirit, in some degree, began to return. Opposition roused the sinking particles of fire, and brought my determination to a tone of action. I remembered how much resolution had aided my escape from the mad-house; and I drew some comfort, by reflecting, that in the evolutions of the wheel of life, my turn of elevation must come.

Thus,

Thus once more master of my reason, I wrote to my cousin to sell the estate, and sink my annuity, to the amount required; in the mean time endeavouring to cheer the spirits of Eliza. It was strange, that one accident succeeding to another, constantly delayed the time I had appointed to procure a licence, and as if fate had interposed, now when I again turned my thoughts to that purpose, Mrs. Hanson was taken ill of a fever, and not being permitted to remain in the prison, her daughters attended her in a private lodging.

CHAP. IV.

O that my soul had wing'd from earth its flight,
Ere deeds like these had burst upon my sight.

I BELIEVED that my enemies would content themselves with standing aloof to behold my sufferings, without inventing new modes of torment: thus I more readily trusted Eliza from my sight, and waited with greater patience the exertions of my cousin, who, notwithstanding the recent death of his father, busied himself to serve me.

The fever of Mrs. Hanson daily encreased, and settling on her spirits, eluded every effort of art. Thus in less than a month she was laid beside her husband, adding one more to the long list of victims who have fallen before the arm of despotism. My cousin, conscious of what I
must

must suffer, hastened to visit us, informing me of the many delays he met with in raising the money, which he imputed to some insidious practice of my relations. He touched on the nullity of my marriage; and finding I still considered Eliza as my wife, advised me, the instant I regained my liberty, to fly to Scotland, and no longer allow the accidents of fortune, or designs of malevolence to divide us.

I thanked him for this hint, reproaching myself for not having ere this adopted it. I instructed him to have every thing ready for our flight as private as possible. But, alas! who can defy with impunity the threats of grandeur and riches! Who can fly from the inscrutable eye of wealth! My uncle, by means of a spy, whom he had procured amongst the miserable wretches that pined out their existence in du-rance, traversed our whole design, and perfectly understood the method we had laid down. Perhaps to facilitate our destruction, he consented, with apparent clemency, to sign a general release,

lease, on payment of two-thirds of the two thousand pounds, my cousin generously advancing a moiety till my affairs could be arranged.

Towards the dusk of the evening, as we had concerted, he came to declare me free, to open the gates of my prison, and lead me to my expecting bride. He informed me that he had given Eliza and her sisters notice to be ready for us, and that a chaise was in waiting to prevent a minute's delay.

We walked hastily to their lodging, which was only two streets distance, and ran up stairs without warning, in the delightful expectation of finding them impatient to attend us. I fancied to myself a repetition of those blushes that had formerly adorned Eliza, when first she promised to be mine, when first I received her trembling hand from her fainted father. But this was a dream of gaudy foundation, and vanished as the shadows of fancy. A scream of surprise broke from Sophia and her sister, at our entrance ;

entrance; each eagerly demanding what had happened to occasion our so sudden return.

“Return!” said I. “We are but this moment come from the prison. But where is Eliza?”—“O, I know not,” cried Sophia. “O my sister! what will become of us! She is already gone, and you not to have seen her!”

“When! where!” cried I, in distraction. “O horror! what is it that has happened? Where? with whom can she be gone?” I was too much agitated to attend to their answer; but my cousin drew from them, that a man, in a dark coat, had delivered a message as from us, desiring Eliza would, for particular reasons, hasten alone, and immediately, to such an inn, our former rendezvous being inconvenient: convinced by this latter circumstance, and the token of a ring, (that I now, for the first time, discovered had been stolen) that we were in waiting, she had not hesitated accompanying the man.

This

This was the sum of an information which fixed me in a momentary trance; a cold chill gradually ran through my frame, and large drops of sweat gathered on my brow. Edward was alarmed at the change of my features, and catching me by the arm, shouted, as to wake me from sleep, and endeavoured to inspire me with the ardor of pursuit. I started at the summons, and kissing both my sisters, with a mournful tone of voice, bade them adieu, as though my soul had been sensible of the long farewell it was taking, and of the dreadful sufferings before it.

My cousin took on himself the task of enquiry, my mind whirling in wild confusion, and my whole intent being on pursuit; but whom, or where to pursue, was not easy to discover: we gathered, indeed, that a post-chaise and four had, about half an hour before, drove off with a person such as we described, together with a single man, on the road to London; but further they knew not.

Horses

Horses were quickly provided, and not a moment lost in hastening after them; but owing to the darkness of the night, no traces could be discovered beyond the eighth mile stone. "Cousin," said I, in a voice agitated by despair, "to me, miserable as I am, life is become an insupportable burden; and as I cannot even accept of your goodness farther, I will search by myself into the den of this monster—I will either find Eliza or perish."

It was in vain he attempted to dissuade me by representations of danger; I was armed with pistols and despair; and putting spurs to my horse, rode off in the dark. The generous young man followed for some way, but as I could not allow him to entangle himself in my cause, I turned down a cross road, and lost him in the dark. My horse unaccustomed to so much exertion, and not inspired with the rage of his master, began to flag, and was with difficulty made to advance. I had also entangled myself in roads that I was a stranger to, and had
the

the consolation of believing that I traversed them more than once. Impatience augmented my distresses, till having jaded the poor animal to its last exertion, it fell beneath me, and my foot catching in the stirrup, was so pressed that I found it impossible to rise.

I stretched out my hand to reach one of the pistols, with design to finish on the spot, the misery of my situation, but the fair form of my beloved wife presented itself, and the picture which I had in our momentary prosperity procured, seemed to beat in unison with my heart. I cherished this phantasm of a sick imagination, I shrunk from my purpose; and the last advice of Mr. Hanson recurring to reflection, I lifted up mine eyes towards the dark concave of heaven, but I wanted courage to address a petition to a Protector whom I fancied had deserted me.

In this situation I remained several hours, during which I suffered the most excruciating tortures of mind on the fate of Eliza. I knew
that

that from herself I had nothing to fear. I knew that open violence with her would not prevail: but I knew also, that Theodoric was guilty of actions even dæmons themselves would blush to own; yet I trusted that the dignity of virtue would awe him into respect, and at least, for a time, bar against outrage.

In this situation I was discovered by a peasant going to work in the morning; and having released me from the horse, which was actually dead, he conducted me to his cottage, standing by the road side, at the distance of a hundred yards. His wife undertook my cure; and the part being considerably swelled, made ready a fomentation of warm vinegar she procured at a distant ale-house. To me the pains of the body were only secondary considerations. I discovered in many circumlocutory questions, that this cottager was related to a family in our village, and as he seemed possessed of sufficient sagacity, might unsuspectingly gather information fear would hold from my personal enquiries.

Having given him instructions to proceed, he set out, whilst I busied myself writing to my cousin, though at every period I laid down my pen to give way to the bitterness of reflection. At night my emissary returned. He had made every enquiry without effect, having learned merely, that my father was gone to Ireland, and that Theodoric had not been on his estate since my trial.

From this I gathered their suspicions of my revenge; and I began almost to doubt that it was my uncle who had trepanned Eliza. I ordered posting-bills to be fixed in the principal towns, offering a reward to any informer; but I soon found I must have divided myself into fifty divisions, if I attended to the numerous pretensions of information.

My cousin came to visit me in the cottage; and if a mind, agitated as mine, could receive any comfort, it was in the kindness of his attention. He had secured to Sophia a place as attendant

tendant in a school, and the younger a place as lady's maid; in both of which situations they would be sufficiently protected: and he promised, at every future opportunity, to befriend them. He took leave of me, his own affairs requiring his attention; and being confined by my leg, I was necessitated to sit inactive, a prey to every melancholy suggestion; surely no time of my life was so dreadfully tedious, every moment called me to exertion, and every moment was lost in painful inaction.

Thus fifteen days passed away without tidings of Eliza. I sometimes indulged the suggestion that she had been assassinated, or transported to some other country. This was the more feasible, the marriage we had a second time projected, not having taken place; thus I should be at liberty to contract again, and I doubted not, when they should have, as they fancied, sufficiently humbled me, this would be the proposal: but I determined to bar against a momentary weakness, and raising my thoughts and my eyes

towards heaven, I solemnly vowed, throughout the duration of my earthly existence, never to marry any, unless it were Eliza, without certain and uncontrovertible proof of her decease.

On the sixteenth day, one of my cousin's servants brought me a letter, directed to his house, I instantly knew the direction to be Eliza's. I opened it with a thousand forebodings of evil, and read it to the end, with the resolution of a man in the last efforts of despair.

* * * * *

“ ONCE, dear Theodore, my heart fondly called you mine; once it beat with tumultuous delight at the tender name of husband; but it was presumption to think, that happiness could reside where inequality of station was so greatly unproportioned; and my mind misgave me, even whilst it listened with a woman's credulity to your pictures of felicity, and was content to sacrifice its prudence to give pleasure to the only
man

man who had ever caused it to vibrate with delight.

“ But no longer, even in the eye of law, or of nature, are you mine. My heart beats to parting at this sad farewell. Theodore, your very name now thrills through my soul with horror ; yet the name of him who will forever be beloved is constantly rising to my lips, and departs with a sigh on the winds. I know that your love is equal to mine. I know that I am about to wound your peace for ever, and I feel a secret shudder at what you will suffer at this moment. Theodore, I am now no more the Eliza that you loved—I am the most wretched amongst women, and can no longer boast that purity, which was the only portion I inherited from my mother—the only charm that could link you to me.

“ O Theodore ! my eyes refuse to be moistened by a tear ; my sorrow is rooted in the secrets of my heart : and defiled, as I am, by a man whose

name I cannot pronounce without abhorrence; I make it my last request, that you will enter on life as though your unfortunate connection with Eliza had never been. And yet——O Theodore! what would I write! The world is to me a barren wilderness. I am blasted in my youth; and the lightning of power has fallen on me with destruction: the very light of day is loathsome in my eyes—for unworthy of you, my existence is hateful.

“Forgive the complaints that break from me in the bitterness of anguish, and attend to the circumstances of my destruction. You must know how I was deceived into the snares of your infamous uncle, who attempted not to offer one word of comfort, or indeed to let me hear the sound of his detested voice, till we stopped at a lone house, the situation of which I am ignorant of.

“No servant appeared to attend us, and himself untied the bandage that confined me,
and

and by force made me enter the house. I fell at his feet, and entreated him not to commit so heinous a crime as incest, but rather strike me dead at once. He bade me fear nothing; and smiling maliciously, "What," said he, "do you think I would honour you so far? No, poor wretch. This is to be your prison for life; and my degenerate nephew shall be obliged to marry according to his rank."

"I was comforted by this speech, which I hoped might be true, as it took from me immediate apprehension; and as he behaved with a pompous kind of civility, I the readier accepted some refreshment, which I much stood in need of. On a sudden I found my head giddy, an irresistible stupor came over me; and when I awoke in the morning, I found the cruel wretch beside me, and that I was no longer worthy of your name.

"I have written thus far with calmness. I am distracted, Theodore—I cannot write my

E. 4.

feelings.

feelings. O God! why was I born to be the victim of lust—the instrument of incest and violence! In vain I look back for comfort—I see only a long catalogue of sufferings: and as since conscious of passion, I have tasted little but disappointment, I am willing to hasten from the burden of myself. But, O Theodore! my senses swim, when they look up to the summit of that happiness they had once dared to attempt, and from which they are fallen for ever.

“All my pride, my self-consequence is done away; and those attainments I gloried in, as fitting me for your companion, now only sharpen the sense of my debasement. Young, just stepping into life, with you my partner in domesticity, how am I fallen, and my hopes buried for ever in the dust! My years, if years are yet appointed me, must be consumed in sighs and tears. A mother’s pleasures will not warm my affections; for, O Theodore! thou wilt not by me be a father, and to the crimes of your uncle

is

is to be added, the premature destruction of your son.

“Clouds, impregnate with blackness, hang over me. Time itself cannot pour a balm into my soul—oblivion cannot cover my dishonour, uniting at once adultery and incest. O Theodore! I linger in my last adieu; fain would I embrace the object of my affections, but it is a woman’s weakness; and the only shade of comfort that now glances on me is, that my remembrance will ever dwell with you—that you will weep for me—that you will sigh the name of Eliza, and perhaps I may inhale the breeze burdened with so soft an impression.”

* * * * *

My eyes closed at this dreadful period. My soul had drank the deep cup of woe to the dregs, and stupefaction whirled through every pulsation. Every object was wiped at once from my remembrance. I ceased to be conscious of my

existence. The noble faculties of man were bewildered, and the immortal spirit knew not itself. In a word, madness fired my brain.— I can no longer write at the fearful reflection; and pause to overcome returning sensations.

During this period, when all things were veiled from my knowledge; when the actions of man no longer disturbed me, and I enjoyed the delirium of riotous phantasms, my cousin took charge of me himself, to prevent my again falling into the hands of barbarians.

Whether I tasted happiness during the suspension of what we term reason, I cannot tell. The whole is as a distant dream, where no one image returns with connection. I remember that my leading idea was Eliza; that I indulged day and night in caressing her picture; and that I fancied I was going to be married to her who was already and for ever torn from me.

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It was many months before this storm began to subside; and even now I am at times thrown from the equipoise of judgment, and that by a trifle, which to the eye of indifference would appear of no importance; from thence you may account for some traces of inconsistency, and perceive some clouds remaining, which, like those after the body of the storm is gone by, scatter a partial shower.

When recovered to a consciousness of self, I found in my manners an universal mutation. The pleasure I had tasted in fields and groves was no more; the charms of liberty and sentiment were fled; the whole world seemed an universal blank, interspersed indeed with chasms, but not one object to give me pleasure. The finest days, when the sun shone with cheerful brilliance, I would spend in some dark room, brooding in melancholy silence; and when the heavens scattered vengeance on the earth, then I delighted to behold their rage, and ran out to par-

take in the storm—to enjoy the uproar of nature.

My cousin endeavoured to touch me with harmony, but it was long ere I took delight in any other sounds than the rolling of a drum, or the deep bass of an organ; these, by the sublimity of their tones, never failed to charm me; and for whole days I delighted to run over the keys of the organ without understanding a note.

No kind of literature had power to engage me. I saw nothing in history but a list of murders and ingratitude; in fiction, evil, with virtue suffering, and rewarded only by an improbable stretch of the author's invention; and in biography, good qualities tortured to angelic perfection, with vices varnished over as human failings, or thrown altogether into the shade. I concluded from the whole, that in every position of life, much evil was certain, and any good precarious.

Poetry

Poetry was only the flights of imagination erected on impossible existences. By it, the country, where labour is the order of the day, was converted into enchanted groves, and peaceful meadows. I saw not the rustic smile of content, as he basked in the lap of ease or beneath his laden bows. I saw indeed much misery and the tears of sorrow. I saw not the simple plenty smiling on the nut-brown board; but I saw scarcity and a wretched pittance, the repast of poverty.

Thus my eye turned with melancholy on the dark portrait of human existence, and my understanding was charmed only by the reflections of the wisest of kings: for he spent his days without war: he saw that in much labour there is little profit; and that ambition was vanity and vexation of spirit.

The letter of Eliza gave a constant keenness to my feelings, and seemed to inspire me with the spirit of revenge; but on whom was this to be taken

taken, and what vengeance could I make to justice? The bonds of affinity were broken; the law did not furnish me sufficient satisfaction; it could not restore Mr. Hanson to life; it could not restore me back Eliza without spot; it could not restore my son to existence; it could not give me back the years of suffering I had undergone. It was a weak and puny instrument, in comparison to my wrongs. It was in my case a nullity of existence; and like a man who dwells on some great design, some vast accomplishment, I buried myself in dark corners, to turn in my mind the revenge I should take.

CHAP. V.

 —Animorum

Impulsu, et cæcâ magnaque cupidine ducti.

JUVENAL.

By blind impulse of eager passion driv'n.

DEATH alone could satisfy the injury I had received, and that because it was the highest limit of my potency. "Yes," said I, to myself, "you may boast of your absolute will, but you cannot like me, inflict death; my hands hold over your heads the sword of destruction; I can at pleasure divide the breath of existence, and from this hour I hold at will the tenour of your life."

There was one argument which overcame my difficulties as to the legality of the action; for I was willing to reconcile my proceedings by argument. "The law," said I, "defines a
man

man and his wife as *one*; the law allows the woman a right to deal death to a man who offers her violence: the injury is the same to me as to her, I therefore, as part of my wife, have a right to take up that authority."

In this syllogism, which set out on a wrong hypothesis, I forgot that the law had divided us, and that it only allows this act of resistance in the moments of violence. I knew that by this action I should become obnoxious to life, but I wished to die; the hand of the executioner had no terrors for me; dungeons, chains, and a scaffold, are only to be feared by the man who is conscious of guilt. I knew the pride of my father would be shaken, I knew he would curse the hour when he had stimulated me to retaliation, when he should find the name of Cyphon in the registers of the condemned, and see the hopes of his house expiring on a gibbet. But my feelings delighted now in inflicting punishment; I was pleased with the vexation I should create

create him, and night and day turned in every possible point of view the project I had formed.

It was now that I again took delight in reading, as it strengthened my resolution, and placed the action as patriotic and praise-worthy. I considered him as a tyrant, a second Scylla, who in the wantonness of his might, played with the passions and feelings of men, and I gloried in my purpose of stretching him equal with his fellow sod. A little incident that happened at this time hastened my resolution.

A poor man whose head was covered with grey hairs, and whose countenance testified to his labour, with a wife suffering under the palsy and a broken constitution, had, for want of an established means of subsistence, sold matches round the country for some years. But now, like the race-horse, their course was run, and not being able to reach any other parish, crawled to the overseers of the one where my uncle resided, craving permission to breathe their last sigh

lie beneath the shelter of the wretched work-house.

These humane gentlemen could say nothing to the petition, without the concurrence of Theodoric, as their coffins would have cost three or four shillings. He was sent to, but as they *did not belong* to the parish, the overseers were desired to give them a passage to the next; that in its turn might pass them to the next, and so on, till they could claim a settlement; and thus might they have run the gauntlet of a nation, famed for benevolence; but it happened one of the *wheel-barrows*, containing the man, was overturned, and his arm fractured in the fall, which loaded the parish with his burden; but his wife was laid on the high road of the next, and shortly breathed out her existence with no charitable Samaritan to administer oil and wine, after her escape from the *thieves*.

“And shall this pass,” cried I, when I heard it? “shall the British nation be stigmatized by
a proceeding

a proceeding like this? No. I will wipe out the stain, and restore her to pristine lustre."

"And how?" said my cousin gravely, who did not comprehend my design.—"How!" returned I, "by bringing to justice those who abuse her, and enwrap villainy in the mantle of law."—"Take care, I beg," said he, "once already you have suffered from greatness, beware, lest it again rise up and crush you."

As I wanted no confidant, I forbore to tell him, that a man resolved to die laughs at earthly power; and I retired to turn over my dark intentions. I wrote down my will, which I left behind me sealed, making every disposition so hazardous an enterprise could require. My little fortune I divided between the three daughters of Hanson, appointing that the portion of Eliza was to remain seven years untouched, in case that period should elapse without her recovery. I left behind me a letter of thanks, containing a hint, that I intended leaving
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ing England, and thus at once put it out of the power of my enemies to hurt me.

I left his house in the night, and pursuing the plan I had laid down, hastened to Liverpool, from thence embarking for Ireland, in order to sink every trace. I landed there in a different name, changing my deportment and attire. I studied a strange accent, and returned to England through Northumberland. The dress I now assumed was that of a beggar, concealing the youth of my features beneath a wig and long beard—a basket, with a few ballads and some gingerbread served me to bend over, supported by a crutch; and thus I ventured through the villages, to the center of my uncle's domain.

I could sufficiently confide in my disguise, having passed unnoticed through our village, and even gathered some anecdotes relative to myself. I learned also, that my flight was known, that some supposed I had destroyed myself, and lastly, that Theodoric was returned to
his

his castle, which I easily imputed to his belief of the latter report.

A tear fell from my eyes, as I passed the ground where Hanson's cottage had once stood, and bent my steps towards my father's house, which I wished to see. I also had some desire to behold himself, to contemplate those savage features, which could, unmoved, doom a son to misery.

I learnt from the servants, that he was gone to visit at a gentleman's seat, and having promised the girls husbands and wealth, and handsome lasses to the men, I was treated in the kitchen with a tankard of ale and sixpence, as a reward for my chymantic skill.

I had nearly, however, over-acted my part, by mentioning some things they were sure the *old man* must have told me. I had even temerity to forewarn them, that some great person would soon die in the country; thus afterwards
it

it was circulated, that Satan had appeared in the Squire's kitchen, that strange lights had been seen walking from the hall to the church-yard, that the candles that night burnt blue, and most women had dreamed something extraordinary.

One circumstance I had learnt gave me considerable uneasiness, which was a custom Theodorick had of being guarded by two servants when he went out, and his castle was constantly watched by two sentinels. "This," thought I, after all, "is some satisfaction; the tyrant trembles in his retreat, and his crimes are his punishment." This panic was also shared by my father, who, like Oliver Cromwell, never lay twice together in the same room, would depart without warning, on a visit to some other country seat, went always armed, and if the bushes on the road side were agitated by the wind, he would start and turn pale.

Thus I had the satisfaction of inspiring them with terror, though the difficulty of admission
was

was thereby increased. I advanced in my disguise to the house, and assuming my function of prying into futurity, soon was encircled by the servants, who listened with gaping credulity to my skill. It was dark before I had finished my oracular forebodings, having purposely spun them into length, and seeing they had no suspicion of my person, I asked them boldly to admit me into some of the out-houses, the night being too cold to sleep in a hedge. After some difficulty, it was agreed I should sleep in the stable, and as no opportunity arose to advance my grand design, I accepted the offer, that I might at leisure make farther observations.

The night was extremely dark, and covering myself with some hay, I lay wholly concealed in one of the stalls. In about an hour, I heard the door open, and the hostler who had been absent, entered with a lantern, which he set down, seating himself on a corn-chest. After scratching his head, and looking round, as if considering

considering something he had to perform, he examined his watch, and speaking to himself—
“ I’ll be domed,”—said he, “ if it yeasn’t terri o’clock, an I mun be with Bell in an our,] an got all these here horses to foder. Dang her; I wish the parlour window may be fast, ise more fit for bed than courting, yaw !”

This was one of those fortunate chances that often favour the bold; but now the difficulty of escaping unseen by this inamorato, was no little concern: fortune, or rather justice, stood my friend, and at the same time suggested to me a scheme of no little importance. The corn happening to run short, the hostler was obliged to fetch more from the granary, which time I employed in escaping from the stable, taking with me one of the livery coats, which hung upon a pin.

My beggar’s disguise I threw down the draw-well, and knowing the way perfectly in the dark, was not long gaining the parlour window,

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It was unfastened, and without noise, (my adventures at the madhouse having taught me precaution in those expeditions) I slipped in, and found myself in the parlour.

I stopped a moment to consider the vast design I had in hand. I strengthened my resolution, by recapitulating the wrongs I had suffered, the destruction of my friends, my wife, and my son, and no longer hesitating, I pronounced with Cæsar, *the die is cast*; and feeling all my courage arise, I hastened up the main staircase. A light which crossed from one room to the other, startled me lest I should be frustrated, and seeing that all was not yet quiet, I passed into the rooms on the first floor. The doors being open, I retired to the innermost, from whose window I had often gazed with pleasure at the spire of the little church, where then Mr. Hanson officiated, but now it was concealed in impenetrable darkness.

Left I might be discovered by the entrance of some of the servants, I laid down beneath a dining table, where I remained listening to every sound, till twelve o'clock was struck by the hall clock. Without shoes and without a coat, I left the room, and hastening up stairs to my uncle's chamber, perceived before it was too late to retreat, a lamp hung above the door, and a man asleep before it. Once, and but once, the thought arose to dispatch him; but recoiling at the inhumanity, I returned, and by a private staircase entered another suit of rooms that happened to be open, and from them I got into the library, adjoining to which was his chamber.

A light gleamed through the key-hole. I advanced with the step of the midnight robber, scarcely venturing to breathe, and looking through, saw him sitting beside a fire, reading some letters. My blood arose to fermentation. I instantly opened the door, and stood before him with a dagger in my hand. He trembled at my figure, perhaps thinking it my unembodied

died

died form, but recollecting himself: "What!" cried he, "Theodore! how have you entered? What is your purpose?"

"Can my purpose be doubted," cried I, "monster of inhumanity? This night heaven has doomed the limits of your existence; this night, thy soul, dyed in human gore, loaded with purple crimes, must cease to riot here in safety: but where is Eliza? answer this, or you are instantly dead."

He arose at my threatening posture, and probably thinking his guard had betrayed him, seized a pistol which lay upon the chimney.

"Theodore," cried he, aloud, and stepping back, "tremble at your rashness; begone instantly, or you will not have the liberty; Eliza is not in my knowledge—Do you go?"

"No, my Lord," cried I, "I am come with determination to pour curses upon your head;

head ; I am come to execute justice. Inhuman wretch ! infamous, detestable coward ! you have contaminated my existence, you have murdered my son, you have committed incest with my wife, you have transported young Hanson, you have dug the grave of his parents, you have outraged humanity, and for these crimes thou shalt die."

At this moment I heard a voice at the door, I believed his guard was alarmed, and advanced hastily upon him ; he fired, but missed me, and I instantly stabbed him to the heart. He reeled, and fell over the chair, pronouncing faintly, " You have killed me, Theodore ! You have murdered your uncle ! "

An undefcribable horror vibrated through every corner of my frame. The blood of my uncle dyed my clothes, and marked my face. I started with dread at my figure, in a large glass which stood opposite, and nothing presented to my ideas but *murder*. The dagger yet reaking
in

in his blood, I held in my hand; I lifted it up to give myself the last dismissal before the servant should enter, the door being fastened on the inside, but my eye glancing on the papers, perceived a letter written by Eliza, and scarcely conscious of what I did, I snatched it up, and fled down the back stairs.

I seemed bewildered in some fearful dream; I was too confused to connect my thoughts, and my presence of mind was directed solely to flying to a distance from so horrid a scene, a scene which seemed to pursue, to haunt me; for of self-preservation I had little regard—murder! murder! sounded in my ears, and I repeated with horror as I fled, “I am a murderer.”

In that elevation of soul, when man is raised above himself by the agitations of passion; I continued in a direct line over hedges and ditches, swimming two rivers in the space of twenty miles. I then, for the first time, sat down to rest, endeavouring to still the tumult

which whirled in wild uproar through my brain.

I had lost my dagger I knew not how, but my letter was safe in my bosom, and as morning begun to dawn, I concealed myself in a thicket.

I reflected whether it was not most prudent at once to quit England, for I felt a kind of pride in eluding the enquiries I knew my father would make, and as I durst not deal out to him the punishment of Theodoric, nor indeed in my case was he equally guilty. I knew that so long as I eluded his knowledge, he would suffer equal alarm, and expect the hand of assassination in every shade. Beside this I had another motive to live, which was the hope of once more seeing Eliza, for as she had suffered contrary to her will, I conceived it injustice to forsake her unfought, and now eagerly desired a re-union. My mind having, in accomplishing the revenge which had solely engaged it, lost one object of its pursuit, now returned to more tender reflections. The letter I had hastily taken up, was something like mine, filled with reproaches

to

to himself, but without a single line to conduct to her concealment.

Formerly, when flying from the mad-house, I enjoyed a conscious interior peace of mind, but this was now destroyed. Timidity made me flutter at the falling of a leaf, and when fatigue pressed down my eyelids, tremendous images flitted before me. The figure of Theodoric weltering in his blood, never a moment left my eyes, and I repented that I had taken from heaven the task of vengeance.

There is surely no crime named amongst men, equal to murder ; it is depriving a man of existence, who has equal right with ourselves to live ; it is extinguishing that part of ethereal being, which no remorse or suffering can ever illuminate. It was long before my mind by every argument of reason and sophistry, could be tuned to composure, and never again will it enjoy that tranquillity it possessed, whilst no doubt of its innocence arose. I now experienced

the verity of Mr. Hanson's counsel, and wept in tears of wormwood and gall, the fatal influence I had yielded to passion, which sweeps like a deluge every thing before it.

I passed the rest of the day without tasting food in the thicket, nor durst I venture out till night, though benumbed and stiff with continuing so many hours in my wet clothes, without changing posture, and after so hard an exercise. I then ventured out, and stripping off my waistcoat, which was stained with blood, I concealed it in a bush, and cutting myself a stick for defence, set out again on a painful march.

The country I entered on was wild and dreary, with very little sign of cultivation, and I wandered long and painfully, in hopes of meeting some hut where I might procure refreshment, being exceedingly faint, and almost willing to lay down, regardless of the event. Still, however, I had resolution to proceed, and towards midnight came up to a cottage on the road side.

side. I knocked at the door, after some time a man appeared at the upper window, and demanded what I wanted at that hour? "Friend," said I, "I am poor a man who have been robbed and stripped; I am dying with hunger, and beg you will admit me, or at least give me something to eat."

"If you a'been robbed," said he, "youl a'not pay for what ye'a, and I a' nothing to give, for a'be but a day labourer."

"Softly," said I, "though it is true I have been robbed, yet I have reserved in a private pocket a few shillings, and you shall not lose by your hospitality."

These words touched the humanity of the cottager. I was let into his miserable shelter, which admitted the wind in several directions. A few faggots were kindled into a blaze, and whilst his wife was making ready some oatmeal porridge, I bargained for an old waggoner's frock, the

only article of dress he could spare from his person, together with a pair of wooden shoes, my feet being lacerated with walking barefoot.

He expressed some surprise that my shoes were taken; and for a moment I could not think of an answer; as to have imputed it to the value of the buckles, would ill have agreed with the poverty of my appearance; but placing it to their intention of preventing my pursuit, I came clear from that difficulty.

Thus equipped and refreshed, I again set out, but as the morning began to draw nigh, I struck away from the road, to seek some shelter from the day. I passed along a path that lined the banks of a river, and was entertained by the sporting of the fish, and charmed by a landscape truly romantic, which the radiant streakings of the reflecting beams of the sun, gilded and adorned.

Haying

Having gone as I judged about three miles, I came to the ruins of a castle, whose shattered walls seemed to bow obedience to the winds, and were crowned with ivy and moss. The moat was only sufficient to supply a stream for brooklime and water-cresses, and in some places was filled wholly up by fragments of the wall. I passed over, entering the square, once the abode of grandeur, but now the poor had found shelter in its ruins; thus those who had reared it, now when in decay, again regained possession.

The present resident was an old woman, whom years had bowed down to the earth, and though once she might have caused sighs in the bosom of youth, her countenance now retained none of those graces; she was, in fact, "*the sad historian of the pensive plain*," and lived here in a dwelling reared from the rubbish, and roofed with rushes; a little oat cake, a small portion of skimmed milk, and the cresses that grew in the moat, continued her existence, and unpossessed

of earthly wealth, she lived unenvied, but not unknown.

Such was the figure I beheld on entering the open square, and recollecting the man of independence, who had preferred a crust of bread and open air, to hospitality and a workhouse. I was about to fly as from a serpent, but her keen eye had perceived me, and she demanded my business.

"My business," said I, "is to ask some refreshment, and directions on my way, from which I suppose I have considerably strayed."—"If so," said she, "you are welcome to such as I have, and if you are hungry, it will go down, for hunger, young man, is the best of sauces; follow me, and take care of your head as you come in."

I was pleased with the freedom of her manner, and sat down familiarly in the only room she had; a skillet of milk was placed on the fire, and

and an oaten cake on the top of a three legged stool, she sat down on a sofa of turf, entreating me to eat, with a smile of welcome, which displaced the wrinkles of age—and here let me do justice to my country women, for in all my distresses and wanderings, them I have ever found possessing compassion, generosity, and pity. With them the impulse of kindness precedes consideration, and the hand is held out to relieve, ere the tongue enquires into the case.

CHAP. VI.

The next arose dark *Superstition*,
Attired in night, around her head were mists,
And in one hand she held a death's head.
T'other did clink a massive chain, enlink'd
With daggers.

AS was natural, our discourse turned on the remains of the building around us, but no knight of legendary lore, was straying from his paternal domain; the case simply was, that Oliver Cromwell had, in his usurpation, battered it down, and the present Lord preferred an elegant villa to old walls, seldom coming to visit his tenants. My feet which had been very much torn in my journey, now refused their office, when I would have departed, and considering the privacy of the spot, and its distance from the line of pursuit, I agreed to remain till better able to travel.

My

My hostess would have gone to the village to procure me something better than her common fare, but this I would not allow, as I was accustomed to the meanest accommodations, and moreover feared she might raise suspicion by so unusual a provision.

I perceived that the sighs which escaped me, excited her attention, though she forbore to enquire, endeavouring to divert my melancholy by many rural stories of ghosts and love affairs. I was pleased with this attention, because it was the genuine offspring of goodness, as my mean frock could give her no ideas of my birth or superiority. In the afternoon, I lay down in one corner to repose, and seeing me asleep, she went out that I might be alone, walking along the path by the river.

Two men who happened to be coming that way, saluted her with the usual enquiry of what news, and to her answer of ignorance, told her that Lord D—— had been murdered, and two thousand

thousand pounds reward offered by Squire Cyphon for the murderer, whom it was supposed was his own son: "What?" demanded the old woman, "sure he would not hang his own son?"—"That I dare say he'd not stick at," said the man, "or his own father, if he could get sixpence by it; besides, mother, you know when the son is out of the way, he comes in for the title and estate."

"Alack a day!" said she, "these be times, when the father will hang the son, and the nephew murder the uncle; but tell me, how was it—is the son a wild youth?"—"Not that I know, but they say he went mad for love, and that he broke out of confinement and killed his uncle, because he would not let him marry whom he liked."—"That is a pity," said she, "I would not be a lady, if I might not have the man I liked, for all the King of France's dominions."—"Well said, my lass," replied one of them, laughing, "now I suppose if Theodore Cyphon was to come in your way, you would not

not give him up for the two thousand pounds reward."—"Not I, troth," said she, "I should go mad myself with two thousand pounds, gemini. I should be hanging myself, and besides I should always see his ghost."

"Ha, ha, give me the money, and I warrant his ghost won't frighten me."

Thus ended their conversation, and fortunately she was too much engaged with the story she had heard, to mention my being with her. I was yet asleep when she returned, and my waggoner's frock being open at the breast, and no waistcoat on, the picture of Eliza had slipped from my shirt, hanging down by the ribband.

A picture so valuable filled her with surprise, and the whiteness of my bosom so different from what my habit suggested; excited her suspicions; she compared the story she had just heard, with
the

the visible distress which had marked my behaviour.

"Theodore!" said she, "why do you sleep so long?"

"I awakened with surprise at the sound of my name, and in my first confusion, demanded, 'who called me?' but recovering, and thinking I had been dreaming, we looked at each other with mutual embarrassment. 'Young man,' said she, 'you need not be alarmed, I shall not betray you, though two thousand pounds are offered for you. I will never sell the life of my fellow creature; but as you have stained your hands in blood, you must not remain with me; you may be sure I shall say nothing of your having been here, but how could you be guilty of so base a crime?' A

"To you, my good mother," I replied, "I will open myself, since I perceive that murder can never be concealed, and as I am weary of a
life

life subject to perpetual apprehension, and unending persecution, the two thousand pounds shall be yours; I surrender myself your prisoner, and thus I shall repay your hospitality."

"Far be it from me," said she, "to do this. I have seen fourscore years and upwards; I have seen the lands change their people, but in all that time I have never seen happiness, and now, after so many years accustomed hardship, and the most scanty living, it would be no pleasure to feed on luxury; and though I abhor thy crime, I will not bring thee to death."

"Woman," cried I, rising up, and taking her in my arms, "may Him who delighteth in mercy deal it to thee. To give me up for the solitary consideration of reward, would be unworthy thy sex, unworthy of thy virtues; but justice perhaps demands me at your hand, for by death can the crime of death alone be atoned."

"But,"

"But," said she, "I am informed you were mad."

"No," cried I; "I have been insane; I have been lost in a happy delirium; but this action was calm premeditation, adopted on the most acute reasoning; and though I am now sorry, it is not that I think myself wrong, but that I stooped to revenge, and stayed the arm of Omnipotence."

I then related to her the outlines of my sufferings, and tasted in the tears she shed the pleasure of sympathy. She now freely offered me her cottage, assuring me of its security, and that I might remain with her without fear or suspicion.

On the evening of the fourth day of my abode with this hospitable matron, I went down to the moat to gather some cresses, without perceiving a man who was fishing in the river; I stopping and fauntered about viewing the place, recurring to the times when its grandeur was at the height, and its proud battlements bade defiance

stance to the weather. I considered the revolutions a man of spirit and genius might create in the world. I wished for immortality and invisibility; and then, said I to myself, I would so change the face of this earth, that one large family should inhabit it; war should cease, and ambitious men shine in virtue and those enterprises of discovery and commerce that are attended by danger and toil.

I was so wrapt and lost in the various ramifications of so immense a design, that I returned carelessly to our hut, without perceiving I was observed. It seems my waggoner's flock had betrayed me, the labourer of whom I bought it, having circulated the circumstance with lamentations, that his evil genius prevented his detaining me, as it would have made a man of him for life.

As the fame of my valour, and desperation had spread with exaggeration to this part of the country, the man who had observed me durst
not

not venture alone to attempt any thing, but watching me into the old woman's hut, hastened to procure assistance.

It was a clear night, and my hostess, on some occasion, happening to go to the door, after our supper, perceived three men advancing across the moat with precaution, and looking round, as if fearful of being betrayed.

With a presence of mind, which preserved me, she ran in. "Theodore," said she, "you must instantly fly; take that old soldier's coat under your arm, and haste for your life." I started up in too much haste to embrace my kind protectress, and another minute had been too late. The clearness of the night, which had hitherto contributed to my preservation, now was against me, as served my pursuers to distinguish my flight. After passing the moat, I entered on the path, following the course of the river, and could plainly hear the sound of their feet behind me, every moment gaining upon me.

There

There was no choice of roads, and the only alternative was to leap into the river, but even this I feared to adopt, as most probably they could swim as well as myself, and my wet clothes would, when on the other side, retard my speed.

In this exigency I recollected the expedient of Caius Marius, the Roman consul, when pursued by his enemies, the place being something parallel, which was probably what had struck me. I slipped as silently as possible through the rushes, descended the bank, sitting down in the water, amongst the sedges and rushes, reserving only so much opening as was sufficient to hear and observe.

My pursuers were quickly on the spot where I had slipped them, and coming to a stand, (for they had kept me in sight) began to beat the bushes, one of the most courageous venturing to descend to the edge of the river. As I scarcely breathed, and the sedges rustled with the wind,

he could make no discovery, and perhaps fearful of my starting upon him unawares, he hastened up to his comrades, declaring I must be gone further, and had dodged them by diving.

It was agreed therefore to proceed. No sooner were they beyond hearing, than I released myself from my disagreeable situation, and taking off my frock, sent it down the stream, that they might suppose me drowned. This was scarcely performed, before I heard them returning, swearing I must be someways whereabouts, and that they would watch till morning. Like a hunted rat, I again plunged into the water, for near two hours continuing emerged up to the chin, and under the painful necessity of remaining inactive, though benumbed with cold, as the least agitation of the water might have betrayed me.

Their resolution of waiting till morning began to fail as their hopes of the two thousand pounds became less; and repeating to each other

other some of the wonderful stories they had heard of my actions, agreed that I must deal with the devil, and had vanished on the spot. Amongst other things that had confirmed this sagacious conclusion, was the circumstances in circulation of my uncle's murder. It was known that he had a guard at his door, that two centinels night and day watched the house. Yet, notwithstanding all this vigilance, I had found my way into an inner chamber, leaving behind me a pair of shoes and a coat in the dining room. This coat, which was known to have hung up in the stables, the hostler swore was taken off the pin by an invisible hand, whilst he was cleaning the horses; and that running out in a fright, he saw a blue flame come from one of the windows, and heard groans in the bottom of the well, where was found the clothes of the fortune-teller in *propria persona*.

At this description, repeated by one of the countrymen, they were filled with apprehension; and the circumstances of my sinking be-

fore their eyes, raised their fear to so great a height, that rising up, and looking round with careful precaution, they went off at full speed, and circulated round the country, that if I did not deal with the devil, I could certainly become invisible whenever I pleased.

Though rejoicing at so narrow an escape, which I owed to the credulity of mankind, I durst not venture back to the old woman, and dripping with wet, and trembling with cold, I continued to follow the path, carrying the soldier's coat under my arm. My body was inured to suffering, and hardened against external concussions, or vicissitudes such as I endured would have destroyed me; but I now took pleasure in keeping a whole county on the stretch, and eluding the vigilance of all whom two thousand pounds could excite, at the same time I knew the terror which would dwell in the bosom of my father, and though surrounded by friends, inflict upon him a fear equal to what I suffered.

A hollow

A hollow in the bank of the river supplied me next day with retreat, and being far from any house, afforded both comfort and security. Ere the day broke full upon me, I had formed a kind of breastwork with bushes beneath the overhanging earth, behind which I could observe all that passed, without being myself open to detection. The depth of the *dub* of water before me prevented the approach of idle boys; and thus I passed a whole day without tasting food. At night I again ventured out, and in search of some wild fruit exercised myself sufficiently to restore a due circulation of blood; but of those, owing to the earliness of autumn, I could not collect any quantity, and hunger called aloud for relief.

The river again held out to me means of preservation; and now of necessity, I practised a mode of fishing I had learnt as a youthful sport. I descended to where the stream was silent, though not deep, and raising the edges of the flat stones, and those which stood hollow, by

groping supplied myself with several fine trouts. These necessity obliged me to eat raw, and assuredly custom alone renders cookery indispensable, for in sieges and famines what loathsome substitutes are not devoured with gusto.

Not being now in danger of actual famine, I retired again to my inclosure, where the day was spent in contemplation, and gazing on the sleepy stream. A twig, a leaf, was a matter of amusement, and when a bubble rose to the top, I marked the effects of its explosion.

A week was passed in this manner; but considering that now the heat of pursuit must be over, and being fatiated with inactivity, I determined to venture out at all hazards, and continue to be guided by the course of the river. After having passed near five miles, as I judged, I entered a field of turnips, which to me had all the charms of an orchard, laden with the most delicious fruit. I sat down to enjoy my good fortune, and found my spirits and ardour arise, whilst

whilst my past endurance, like the toils of the campaigner, were forgot in the fleeting possession of the instant.

Having provided a little for the coming day, I set forward with spirits, intending to cross the country, and escape to Holland, as I perceived the impossibility of finding rest in England, and my soul eagerly desired to hear tidings of Eliza, for I proposed no longer to exist, than while satisfied she yet breathed in the same sphere of being. The path, after some miles, opened upon a road striking off, as I believed, in the direction I intended to pursue.

I had not proceeded far before I came to an hedge alehouse, whose open door and cheerful fire invited the weary traveller to refresh. I considered that I was effectually disguised, and being wholly a stranger, could not raise suspicion, should my story be known; wherefore trusting to chance, I yielded to the temptation of a relief I so much required.

I sat down in one corner by the fire, and assuming the Caledonian accent in my demands, passed as a common stranger. I soon learnt there had been a fair at a neighbouring town, which occasioned their being open at this hour. I had not sat long, before three persons alighted from horse-back, and sat down at the same table, on the opposite side. The news of the day, and the price of cattle being adjusted, one of them enquired if the famous madman, Theodore Cyphon, had yet been seen since he was said to have vanished by the side of — river, just at Deadman's Plunge.

I trembled at my own name, sitting silent that my confusion might pass unobserved.— Every one was ignorant of what was become of me, and laughing ridiculed the opinion of those who had followed me, whom they supposed had invented the tale, in excuse for their own miscarriage or cowardice. “For,” said the last speaker, “I’ll maintain, that for a live man to sink into the earth, and yet live, is impossible; and

as for this here Theodore Cyphon, I knows him as well as I knows my own father. He's as much flesh and blood as any of us; and only let me get along side him."

I admired the effrontery of this conclusion; and but for my dread of detection, should have enjoyed their conjectures, each allowing if I was not invisible, I was invincible: but a piece of information I learnt, threw me into one of those disorders of mind to you the subject of so well-founded a suspicion. One of them, who was a grazier, had that afternoon been at the village near the abode of the old woman who had so kindly given me shelter. He there learnt, that as I was supposed to be leagued with the devil, and had vanished in smoke, she, of course, being old and poor was taken for a witch by the country people; who arose, one and all, to exhibit their zeal in purifying the country from so impious an inhabitant.

She was dragged from her miserable abode, and though her aged eyes were dimly turned to Heaven for mercy, they hurried her to the river that she might undergo the aqueous ordeal. She did not swim, as was expected, wanting the gift of supernatural talents, but to their surprize sunk to the bottom, expiring through fright, age, and suffocation, before she could be taken out. The villagers retired, convinced she was not a witch, and ended their day's exploit, with burying her at the parish expence, to the honour of our enlightened understandings, and the glory of the eighteenth century, so famed by the heroes of the mouth*.

At this narrative my countenance changed, the mug of ale dropped upon the floor, and every eye was turned towards me. An elderly countryman, who was eating his bread and cheese, fixed his attention on me with a look of

* A transaction like this took place, not out of remembrance, nor a hundred miles from Nottingham.

sudden

sudden recollection, and turning to the man who had pretended to my acquaintance, demanded what sort of person I was, observing, he was either out in his gait, or the soldier was Theodore himself.

This was no sooner suggested, than my face and figure struck them, and each starting up, declared I must be the man.

The eminence of the danger aroused me from my lethargy. I arose, and in an elevated voice, "Yes," cried I, "I am Theodore. I am the man who snaps iron bars like straws, who can vanish when I please, and traverse on the wings of the wind. Stand off then, make way, or a legion of demons shall instantly whirl destruction around and about ye!"

An address so uncommon, an action and manner so strange, had the intended effect, and as if impelled by invisible impulse, they flunk back, not offering to stop my progress to the

door, nor did the hostess venture to demand payment for my supper.

I hastened forward with speed, fearing, when their panic should have subsided, the temptation of two thousand pounds would conquer their superstition; nor was I wrong in this suggestion, as, from first laughing at each other's trepidation, they proceeded to vaunts of their valour, and at once agreed to pursue me and divide the spoil.

An alarming discovery I had made, considerably abated my spirits, as I learnt from a milestone that I had taken a circuitous ramble, being little more than twenty miles from my father's: but at the same time recollecting that, if within the influence of his power, I had eluded his researches, how much more might I reckon on security when I attained a distance where his name should be unknown.

I looked behind me, and saw my pursuers advancing; before me, and saw a common, where

no

no shelter offered, and where my only chance of safety was speed or superior resistance. My resolution was equal to any form of danger; nay, I felt a pleasure in appearing something superior, and trusted not a little to my personal prowess, if so urged (by men trembling with superstition) that its exertion should be indispensable.

It was one of those cloudy nights, when objects are indistinctly seen, and sometimes lost in absolute darkness; yet on the extent of a wild I could expect little from circumstances so favourable. My pursuers, elated with still holding me in view, exerted their speed in proportion as their hopes increased; and being nearly spent with running, I halted a moment to reflect. I perceived, through the gloom, at a distance on the right, a gibbet, with a man hanging in chains; I exerted my speed, and the darkness then favouring me, climbed up, and clinging round the dead body, was suspended in the air.

The countrymen, almost at the same instant, came up, stopping with renewed terror at having lost me; for owing to the glimmering light, and the confusion they were under, I had appeared to vanish from the moment I was ascending the gibbet, my body not being seen.

They were no longer ashamed of expressing their terror and astonishment; one of them falling on his knees, with ejaculations to Heaven for mercy on all his past sins and offences. The others stood trembling, afraid to turn their backs, and dreading to stay; no doubt heartily repenting their folly in expecting to take me, and vowing to amend their lives if suffered to escape alive.

Whilst they were thus wondering, and their teeth chattering with fear, a breeze of wind rushed across the common, and pressing on the gibbet, the rusty iron gave a harsh creak, at which they set up a cry of dismay, and would have fled, but their pious companion was fallen

on

on his face. My situation was far from pleasant ; but my mind was unloaded by false superstition, and having brought it to act with calmness on most occasions, I perceived that, by a proper use of this accident, I might so impress terror on the country, that I should be almost able to march through it with impunity in the face of day. They had, therefore, no sooner raised their companion on his feet, than I uttered a deep groan, and swinging the hoop, created a noise grating and solemn. It was not possible human nature could endure more ; self-preservation became the only impulse of action. The man, as if struck with some elastic machine, darted forward, crying out he was dead ; and as I now raised my voice with a howl, none tarried to look behind, and happy was he who did not find himself lost.

CHAP. VII.

FREED by their folly from so imminent a danger, I descended from my disagreeable situation, my flesh shrinking as it were from its loathsome company, and I underwent a momentary pain at remembering that my actions had merited, nay, that I was actually flying from a similar suspension. I proceeded on my way over the common, pitying in my mind the weakness of men, when their senses are enslaved by ignorance and superstition, and turning in the versatility of thought to those itinerate dictators who pretend to disseminate knowledge, but who bind ignorance in fetters of tenfold duration, enchaining every noble faculty of reason, in the dungeons of doubt, mystery, and inexplicable perplexity. "O," said I, in the enthusiasm of thought, "O, that some disinterested men would form themselves into a society

ciety for the propagation of true knowledge, who would teach the multitude their height in the scale of existence, and convince them that actions alone can please a benevolent creature—who would teach them not to dread death as a conductor to eternal misery, if they cannot swallow incongruities; and who would teach them that the balm of credulity, called faith, is not sufficient to cover the most abandoned actions.”

Confident I should have little to fear at a greater distance from home, I pressed forward the remainder of the night, during the day laying concealed in a thicket. On the second day I continued to walk forward, as I considered the danger now nearly over, and being weak for the want of refreshment, I ventured into a town through which the road lay.

The only shop open at so early an hour, was a little chandler's, who dealt in almost every article of country consumption, as well as second hand clothes. Having purchased some provisions

frons of the man, I ventured to inform him I was just arrived from a campaign in the East Indies, and was going to see my friends, that I was ashamed of my scarlet coat, and would, if I could get it cheap, purchase another.

Whilst I was fitting myself, and examining some other articles of dress, my eyes were struck with horror, and my blood recoiled back to its source, at a dirty half sheet of paper pasted against the wall, with MURDER at the top in large characters, and beneath *An account of a most wicked, notorious, barbarous and inhuman murder, committed on the body of the late Lord D—, by his own nephew Theodore Cyphon, for the purpose of gaining possession of his estate.—You have likewise an account of the marvellous appearances that have haunted the house, together with a relation of several supernatural prodigies performed by the said Theodore Cyphon.*

"Pray, my good friend," said I, to the shop-keeper, without the least movement of feature ;

"Do

"Do you know this Theodore Cyphon?"

"No," he replied, "only as the report goes.

I take it he's something of your size, (measuring me with his eye) and they say deals with Old Nick: for he slips out of all places of confinement, and though two thousand pounds be offered, nobody can take him for all that."

"Then how can he escape from confinement?" said I.—"Why he was seized at first by the hostler, who saw him come out all streaming with blood, and was committed to jail, but he leaped from the top one stormy night, and has never been taken since."

Being equipped in my new disguise, I thanked him for his information, and wrapping my old clothes in a bundle, I marched forward, entertained by the veracity of report. I soon left the town a considerable way behind me, I then disencumbered myself, by committing my bundle to the first stream I crossed, and having advanced near ten miles on the road, and passed safely by
many

many passengers; I withdrew into a grove that I might not tempt fortune.

Towards evening I again ventured on, and had the temerity to enter a large town, but I quickly repented my folly. The first object which gazed me in the face, was my detested name, beneath the capital reward of two thousand pounds; my person was minutely described, and I shuddered as I read, lest any bye-stander should draw the parallel. I fancied every one watched me as I passed, I believed if I saw two persons whisper, it concerned myself. In this agitation large drops of sweat gathered on my face, all my resolution and spirit seemed absorbed in infatuated weakness.

My joy was inexpressible when free from this danger, a danger which I resolved no more unnecessarily to incur. I was chagrined and surprised that my father should have pursued his desire of taking me so far; well knowing, that however he might delight to torment, he would

not

not wish to expose me to public justice, a step that would shock his pride and stigmatize his name.

It would be tedious to enumerate the various disguises I assumed, the many narrow escapes I had from the hounds of justice, who had now scented the reward, and were eager for blood.—The whole kingdom resounded my name, and I was often astonished that escape was at all possible.

It was in one of my concealments I had the happiness of rescuing your daughter, and repelling machinations similar to those which have for ever destroyed me. Tired at length with being hunted from mankind! despairing of again finding Eliza, whose image was the constant companion of my miseries, and the dumb partner of my woes, I turned my thoughts towards the Arab of the desert, who obeys the impulse of nature and passion.

My

My life was in my own eyes of trifling consideration, yet I was unwilling to suffer for an action I held meritorious ; and viewing with melancholy the objects and ideas that constantly crowded upon me, I beheld with equal abhorrence the ways and customs of nations, and the whole system of human existence. I proceeded to London, with resolution to fly to where the sword was law, and inclination the rule of right.

Withheld by your generosity and nobility of sentiment, my heart rejoiced in having found *a man* ; but circumstances unhappily crowded again on my wayward fortune, and whispered that there was no rest for the head of a murderer, but the damp lap of nature, and that I must begin again to traverse the maze of concealment, and adopt the inheritance of misery.

* * * * *

“ Alas ! ” cried Eve, laying the manuscript upon the table, and wiping away the tears, that followed.

Yellowed each other down her lovely cheeks,
“how has my foolish passion brought new evil
on the object of its existence! Yet why should
he fly us? Surely he could not suppose we
would have betrayed him with a kiss of peace;
for justice could not demand the sacrifice.”

“Nay, my daughter,” said Shechem, “he
certainly did not wrong us by such a supposition,
or he would not now have placed in us this con-
fidence. Besides, in my opinion, his crime,
though dreadful, was abstractedly meritorious,
inasmuch as it destroyed from the surface of the
groaning earth, a wretch who converted its goods
into the means of evil: but, physically and mo-
rally considered, he was most assuredly wrong,
because infringing on the right of his neighbour
to live, and because, if *private* justice were al-
lowed, no man, however virtuous, however
praise-worthy, would escape the calumny of
every individual; life would be held on a pre-
carious tenure, and the whole world would be-
come a slaughter-house, until the rape of man

was utterly extinguished. It is better, therefore, that partial evils, though enormous, be permitted (if the law provides no remedy) than that general evil should result."

"I am unequal," replied Eve, "to follow the mazes of metaphysical discussion: but cannot we think of some expedient to recal the wanderer, who from this hour shall be to me no more than a tender friend? Yes, I admire his firmness; I partake in his passion for the unfortunate Eliza; and emulating, as I will aspire to do, his rectitude of principle, I will rise above the weakness of love, since it is now unjustifiable."

Shechem rejoiced at this unexpected elevation of mind; and more than ever astonished at the eccentricities and strange fortune of his friend, who was a victim to vindictive passion, he readily agreed on establishing an enquiry, tending to discover where Theodore had again launched into obscurity: but here an obvious difficulty presented, for how could any inquisition take place,

place, without exposing the unhappy circumstances he laboured under; thus, in place of friendship, he should become his persecutor, since to detect him in his haunts, was to deliver him to the magistrate.

Thus perplexed, the benevolent descendant of Abraham found his intentions defeated, and the son of his affections lost to his bounty. The character of Squire Cyphon appeared to him more blood-thirsty, more inhuman, than that of the prowling tiger in the desert of Lybia, or the lion of the Thebian wilderness. Not contented with reducing him from the shadow of comfort, with hurling on him immensity of destruction, of destroying the source of every tender sensation, and every connection which gives value to the existence of socialised man; he now hunted him like a beast of prey, and panted for the blood of his only son; and for what? From whence originated this? From an accidental blow, given in the resistance of wanton power; for refusing to abandon at command the con-
troul

trout of his will; and not bowing down to lick the dust from the feet of epitomized tyranny.

If his knowledge of Theodore was lost in darkness, the traces he had left behind held out some glimmerings, by which hope might be induced to follow. Whilst he weighed in his mind the plan he should adopt, and sighed at the inefficacy of all human institutions to repel the encroachments of injustice and oppression, his daughter retired with the paper to her chamber, where she wept at the fate of the Hansons, sighed at the destruction of the Simpsons, and prayed to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, for the safety of Theodore. Her boasted firmness was shaken at a view of the dangers which encompassed him, like the lines of a besieged city; and her soul was dismayed at the idea that Theodore—the man whose actions were the dictates of justice—who had rescued her from violation, and whose image had first created in her heart the tremulation of love—would perhaps expire

on

on a gibbet—he cut down like a flower in the bloom of youth.

A thousand impossible expedients crowded on her mind. One while she proposed to seek him in disguise, to watch and hover round him as a guardian angel: another time to brave the anger of his father and extort a pardon. But these she was conscious were alike impracticable, being solely the sportings of imagination.

Though so great her feelings, she possessed the spirit of a noble mind; and though she had doated on Theodore with all the fondness of juvenile passion, those sentiments were transformed, all the dross of weakness was substracted, and the pure ore of ardent friendship alone remained. Though the judge had not considered his engagements sacred, to her they appeared inviolable, and equal to the most solemn form.

The same evening Shechem wrote to Edward in terms of ambiguity; that being interested in the fate of Eliza, and in fact guardian to some property fallen to her, he wished for information of her then situation, and likewise that of her sisters; proposing also, that if business or pleasure led him to town, that he had matters of moment to communicate relative to Theodore. . More he would not hazard to the conveyance of the post, as he doubted not but Squire Cyphon would, like his brother despots, keep his emissaries in pay where intelligence was likely to be gathered.

Some days after this, the lawyer whom Shechem had often occasion to employ in his business, called upon him to consider the progress of a suit in Chancery, which had been depending for many years, and seemed like to remain in *statu quo*, which inclined the Jew, who loved not to *throw good money after bad*, to suffer the affair to die, declaring he believed the office
took

took its name not from the common chances of law, but from the chance of the clients living to see the termination of the suit.

The lawyer, who had before this witnessed the singular modes of thinking and acting peculiar to the Jew, proposed a question he said had been referred to his decision, viz. the legal heir of an estate being missing, can the next in right proceed to possession?

"My good friend," replied Shechem, "there is great ambiguity attached to the term *missing*, on the circumstances of which hang the definition."

"Can then," said the lawyer, "the second in heirship obtain possession, the premier being insane?"

"Assuredly," replied Shechem, "provided provision is made in case the insane recover his senses."

“ Well,” replied the lawyer, “ this is not altogether the statement, but now I will give you a brief of the case. The true heir of the estate, in order to obtain possession, having made away with the incumbent, is obliged to abscond, and has hitherto eluded the vigilance of law. He lies at the same time under imputation of derangement, so that if not executed for the murder, he will be held in durance. The question is, whether in the mean time the next heir can obtain possession.”

“ I hold not,” said Shechem, whilst reflections that rose in his mind flushed to his cheeks—

“ Dost thou not know, that till condemned by the law, every man is presumed innocent, and therefore his estate cannot devolve to another till he hath actually suffered the sentence? But in the mean time, I apprehend guardians should be appointed, like regents in a kingdom, whose prince is a minor. But I think, if thy case is singular, the haste of thy employer is equally

so;

fo; and I have a shrewd suspicion he is within my knowledge."

"You have exactly met my ideas," replied the lawyer; "and the notoriety of the transaction I have glanced at may help you to information."

"And if I judge right," said Shechem, "in fixing on Squire Cyphon, it is to him an eternal and everlasting disgrace. Not content with offering two thousand pounds reward to bring his son to the executioner, he is too impatient to wait the death of that son, to defer his possession of an estate which, but for the crime of that son, would never have devolved to him."

As Shechem had nothing to communicate, and could gain no further intelligence, he was contented to turn the discourse, in his own mind more than ever execrating so vile a depravity, so eager a thirst after riches and the bauble

of a name. It is no wonder, thought he, the world has been deluged in blood, and the human race dragged to slaughter for the glory of *fame*, when a village Nero can play his pranks of domination, and scourge with a lash whom he pleases.

No letter had yet arrived from Edward, and Shechem began to doubt whether his affection had not been lost in the common odium attached to the crime of his cousin. But from these suspicions a few days relieved him, by bringing Edward himself to the Minorities.

His enquiries after the exiles had been fruitless. At the receipt of the letter his impatience did not allow any delay, and he came forward in the eager expectation of embracing his cousin; he was therefore much disappointed, to find that he again was lost, and that a barren narrative alone remained behind.

Of

Of the fate of Eliza he was equally ignorant, no one having appeared to claim the portion he had advertised in her name; and considering her inability to provide for her own maintenance by labour, he could only conclude that death had finally closed upon her sufferings. As to Squire Cyphon, his life was a circle of terror and a succession of alarm. His timidity was notorious, and his cruelty more insufferable than ever, for not tasting any comfort himself, he could not endure in his sight any one whose countenance wore a smile, and contrived, by moroseness to involve every face in eternal gloom. No precaution the vigilance of suspicion could suggest, was unemployed to guard against assassination or surprise. His windows were barred with iron, his own suite of apartments were only to be entered by a narrow door, and to prevent poison, he made his servant taste every dish and every bottle that was brought him. His sleep was broken and interrupted; frequently he would rise in the night and examine his pistols.

He refrained from all intercourse with his neighbours, living a voluntary prisoner to the wantonness of his power and the consciousness of his deserts.

“And such,” said Shechem, “are the enjoyments of tyrants; for knowing themselves a burden on the earth, they fancy every weapon of death endowed with latent powers, and turning against them. But do you really think him so depraved as to see his son publicly executed?”

“As to that,” said Edward, “probably he may, if he considers it necessary to his own safety: yet I cannot say, as it would wound his pride and brand him with infamy, for amidst all this he is tremblingly alive to fame, and affects to lament the infamy of his son as the stimulus of his outrage of Lord D——, and as the motive for his own precaution. The large reward, I believe, is solely to get him in his
power,

power, and no doubt he aims at confining him for life."

Eve was disappointed that no tidings transpired; tacitly reproaching Theodore with want of friendship, in obstinately persisting in a silence he must know would inflict pain on his friends. Yet to this allegation of ingratitude the excuse was ready: How could she know his situation, the difficulties in which he might be involved? and she daily dreaded to hear of his being discovered by the ministers of justice, or the candidates for reward.

Finding, that though his journey had indeed assured him of the existence of Theodore, it could give him no clue to the inexplicable labyrinth he had again entered, Edward took leave of the benevolent Israelite and his tender daughter, returning to prosecute plans of improvement, and to pass his life in irrefolute indolence. Not finding, in the meridian of his own quality one female whom his heart could

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approve,

approve, he hesitated to adopt her, whose sole disqualification was a want of what himself abundantly possessed; so ridiculous are the ideas often allowed to influence the actions of those who are otherwise wise.

CHAP. VIII.

A little Incident that would embellish a great History.

SOME months passed away without bringing any account of Theodore, and Eve had with difficulty overcome the painful thought of never again beholding the friend of her heart. Shechem had made every possible enquiry permitted by discretion, but all his circumlocutory interrogations, tended alike to the point of ignorance, and he could not but admire amidst his regret, a vigilance that so effectually eluded the inquisition of justice—the hopes of two thousand pounds, and the researches of friendship.

He had examined the captains concerned in the Levant trade, not knowing but he might have executed his former intention of wandering with the wild Arab, yet no traces could be

found.—It was in the cabin of one of those vessels, he observed a young man with a complexion darkened by the sun ; features that were natives of England, but possessing the solemnity and commanding grandeur of the East ; and he was more particularly engaged by a general likeness, he fancied he could trace to Eliza Hanson.

He could not suppose it herself, the features being masculine, yet the cast of countenance engaged him, and he entered into a conversation, during which he discovered that he was just come from Alexandria.

“ I have,” said he, “ after discourse had introduced familiarity, “ a diamond of some amount I would willingly part with, and if you favour me with your address, I will take your opinion.” With this Shechem readily complied, and under pretext of business, pressed him not to delay, but if convenient, to come the same evening.

Without

Without being able to account for the sudden partiality he felt for one so totally a stranger, any other than as he came from the city where much of his life had been spent, he waited with impatience for the hour appointed, and when the stranger arrived, dispensed with his general rule, by conducting him into his library.

The diamond was produced, and fifteen hundred pieces agreed on as the price, but when the stranger signed his name to the receipt, Shechem could not refrain expressions of surprise, at the signature of *Jason Hanson*.

"Pardon me," said he, "thou art certainly related to the Hansons of —, and it was the affinity of thy countenance first excited my desire of speaking to thee; may I then enquire how near thou art of kin?"

The young man gazed on the withered form of Bensadi, he reflected a moment, and no doubt considering

considering that no danger could arise from a solution of the question, owned himself the son of the poor curate, and enquired impatiently if he could give him any information.

"Alas! my son," said Shechem, whilst he wiped a tear from his eye and faltered in his accent; "I understood thou wert sent to Bombay, then how comest thou to Alexandria?"—"That," said Hanson, "my present impatience will not allow me to relate; but I beg if you are informed, keep me no longer in ignorance of what so nearly concerns me, for from the infamous practices under which I myself have suffered, I have the most fearful forebodings that I am not the only victim."

"A storm," said Shechem, "cannot well fall on one, without spreading to another; and seldom can vengeance be executed, without involving every connection with the patient. I have indeed to wound thee to the heart, to unfold to thee, inflictions of a villainy disgracing
to

to the name of man ; but my age and my infirmities forbid me to undertake the task in my own person. Here is a paper written by thy juvenile and suffering friend, Theodore, in which thou wilt see that virtue in this world, is not an insurance of prosperity."

He left Hanson to read the destruction of his family, retiring to the company of his daughter, who charmed his tumultuous thoughts into calmness, by the influence of magic sound.

Revenge, grief, distraction, and the most poignant sensations, swelled and tore by turns, the bosom of Hanson, but when he came to the fall of the tyrant, he cried out—"God-like Theodore! noble, high-souled friend! this is well, this is right." A stream of tears gushed from his eyes, in some degree allaying the burning heat his over-agitation created, and he continued to follow Theodore through his flight and obscurity. The conclusion which involved him in darkness, awakened his remembrance of
where

where he then was, and having called Bensadi, eagerly enquired if he knew where his friend was concealed, or where he might embrace his sister.

Of these Shechem knew no more than himself, relating, till supper was announced by his daughter, the several expedients he had unsuccessfully tried. For any other company Han-son would have been totally unfit, but the cordial kindness of the Jew, and the softness of his daughter, were some consolation to a disappointed mind; for having hoped to place his parents and sisters in affluence, the blow he had received by this knowledge of their ruin, for a while seemed to stun him with its force.

Not being under an engagement of returning to the vessel, he accepted for that night an apartment at Bensadi's, and turned in his mind the scheme of retribution he should adopt, considering in the ardour of youth he had a right to retaliate, and adding what he had personally suffered,

suffered, to the injuries of his relations, he knew no bounds to stay the rage of his vengeance. He conceived it the part of wisdom not to leave any thing to chance, and before he commenced hostilities on the enemy, policy dictated the necessity of preventing reprisals by leaving opportunity; he therefore first determined to discover Eliza, and place his sisters beyond the reach of common misfortune.

On the morrow, Shechem accompanied his new friend to arrange some matters of business with the Levant trader, and as Hanson was wholly ignorant of the town, consequently liable to impositions, he desired Shechem to admit into his house two trunks, containing, as he hinted, articles of considerable amount.

An increase of fortune like this, appeared almost miraculous in the eyes of the Jew, and more than once he expressed his curiosity and surprise, that in the space of so short a time, he could have amassed so much, especially since he
had

had not been in any of those offices, where opportunities are furnished of plundering the Indian, and extorting with demoniac rapacity the labour of his hands.

“So far from that,” replied Hanson, “my rank is no more than an East-India soldier; thus you see, I myself am a slave broke from his bonds; but I will reserve my adventures, that your daughter may hear them, for you know the soldier’s vanity is great in relating his toils, and the traveller delights to recount to the fair the dangers he has surmounted, that sex being peculiar in their love of bravery and commiseration of distress.

With this promise Shechem was satisfied, and having at his return provided him with an apartment and secured the trunks, they sat down together, and Eve signifying her desire to know all that related a family she loved, for the sake of Eliza, he began.

* * * * *

It is justly said, that the pleasure of describing our difficulties after they are passed, compensates in a degree, their sufferance; and I no longer wonder at the dangers braved by heroes, when I taste the satisfaction of again passing over them in safety.

You know the low station in which the evolutions of fortune had placed our family, and that by *the bounty* of that infamous miscreant, Theodoric, I was for a time placed at College. It is assuredly, (taken in a moral light) as much a debt to satisfy expectations we voluntarily raise, as any other obligation proceeding from verbal assertion, and he who gives a youth reason to believe he will provide for his establishment, is absolutely bound to do so. With this proposition in my view, it was no small check to my aspiring hopes, to find in place of being raised to a situation of emolument, that the extent of my patronage, was to reach merely to a chaplaincy

chaplaincy aboard a man of war, and I lamented the insanity of my friend, to whose absence I imputed the change in his uncle.

Little at that time did I conceive the possibility of his being the subject of such malignant persecution; little did I conceive him struggling with all the hardship of imprisonment, or I would have sacrificed life and fortune for his relief, though a nation had arisen to oppose.

By the comparison of time, I perceive that the instant of my departure, was the signal of destruction to my family, and that the day which launched me on the surface of the mighty deep, was to overwhelm the innocent in boundless misery; but of this I was ignorant.—With all my fancied sense, I possessed no more prescience than the sheep beneath the hand of the butcher. I proceeded on the voyage with the lofty hopes of an adventurer, but scarce had we lost the last glimpse of the shores of Britain, than the farce of my chaplaincy was explained,
and

and my real destination laid open ; being, that I, was sold into the *Company's* service, and thus sent to be a minion of oppression, and the instrument of enslaving those who had more right to that territory than ourselves, except indeed, the *weighty* consideration of a *heavier* artillery.

In the first transports of my indignation, (for my temper is not to be trod upon) I ran to the side of the ship, and should have plunged for ever from a world of so much treachery, had not one of the seamen caught me by the coat. I was ordered beneath deck, and pinioned to the boards by heavy irons, in a little chamber where the air scarcely penetrated, and the stench of bilge water was almost equal to suffocation. In this miserable situation I was not alone ; a situation in which we tasted the treatment of those black and copper-coloured *beasts*, that are brought from the coasts of Africa, to plant our sugar canes, to turn our mills, and make fortunes for the most imperious of Adam's descendants.

The

The room in which we were pinioned was six foot by five, where three of us were stowed to supply the Eastern markets. The one was a young gentleman who was an orphan, and left to the care of an uncle. The other a youth, who coming to town, ignorant of the practices which are either connived at by the magistrates to the blasting of the English character, or elude the vigilance of the police to their everlasting disgrace.

This youth was traversing the streets out of curiosity, when he was accosted by a well-dressed man, and asked if he wanted employ; void of suspicion, he answered in the affirmative. "Well, my lad," said the gentleman, "a friend of mine who is a merchant, will employ you; take this paper, and tell him Mr. Nox sends his compliments." The youth did as directed, with many expressions of thanks, and hastened to the house of the merchant, who lived on the banks of the Thames. He was shewn into a parlour, received a glass of wine, was desired to
fit

fit down, fell asleep, and when he awoke, found himself handcuffed and in the dark. Being robust, he attempted to escape, but in vain; and in the dead hour of midnight was conveyed down the river and pinioned in the hold.

“And such,” cried I, “is the boasted generosity of Britons, such the usage of Christians; and is it possible a free nation can suffer contractors for men? Why have I not power to purge, to exterminate those leaches who suck the blood of society? But, alas! I am only an East-India soldier, going to add my weight to the scall of that universal oppression, which spreads from the black son of Afric’s burning sands, to the vizier, who, glittering in gilded trappings, bows his neck to the bow-string of eastern omnipotence.”

The soul which enjoys no internal source of consolation, will in circumstances such as mine were then, sink into despondency; but my mind being stored with the instructions of a father,
and

and the learning of ages, I never, in any of my accidental distresses, gave way to useless repining, but fought into myself some means of obvi-
ation. I knew, to oppose power by force, was like battering at a wall with sand; but I knew also, that to countermine it by what is called *cunning*, was like wearing away the foundations where every particle of sand detached was advancing progression.

Being myself a minister of religion, my thoughts often adverted to its influence on mankind, and I saw that, throughout the varied globe, one universal principle, was the groundwork of every establishment, namely, Superstition. I saw that men were more guided by their terrors than a rectitude of principle; and that in the eye of Him who permits this diversity of form, the most bigotted devotees of any sect, whether Bramin, Mahometan, Christian, or Jew, could not stand candidates for his favour, wanting the qualification of moral virtue; but possessing that, the habit of their nation, the
contradiction

contradiction of their superstition, and inflections of form, must, as the dust on the beam, preponderate alike.

I pass over the intolerable hardships of a situation like ours; the dreadful endurance of a burning zone, where the air inhaled was impregnate with fire, and all the stench of a ship, with the comforts of rotten provisions and stinking water. I conduct you at once to our landing at Bombay, where I and many more were enrolled in the Company's service, and sent up the country to quell an insurrection, the copper-coloured sons of the earth being tired with the rapacity of the white, and the tortures these inflicted in extorting taxes, the right of collecting which was undeniably established by the edicts, the cannon.

After suffering every hardship, thirst, the weights of arms, and dust, (raised by our company and the winds) could inflict, we came in sight of a village, where the enemy were

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strongly entrenched. It was determined by those acquainted with the feelings of human nature, to impress a full sense of our superiority on the various tribes, by holding out exemplary punishment.

The drums and trumpets sounded to the charge, as the shades of night served to raise the terror of uncertainty. The cannon from an oblique battery began to roar, and flashes of sulphureous fire gleamed through the thickened air. The voice of humanity was extinguished in the principle of self-preservation; the soul, goaded to madness, surrounded by murder, arose above itself, and triumphed in blood and slaughter.

A body of infantry advanced, under cover of a heavy cannonade, to storm the lines, which was quickly effected, the bodies of our companions (many only slightly wounded) served to mount the parapet. Without regard we trampled the dying to pieces; and in the torrent of
entrance

entrance where a breach was formed, many were smashed or torn asunder. Our bayonets were fixed, and served in place of pikes, with which we charged the enemy drawn up in close compact on the banquette; and whilst the blood streamed from our wounds we threw ourselves upon their weapons, stabbing them in the face, and carrying all before us with irresistible fury. Some hundreds of our men perished by being unable to keep their feet amidst the promiscuous confusion of mangled carcases; and the glutinous mixture of blood and flesh, and mud, so that falling down, they were either smothered or trod to pieces. No quarter was given. Man, woman, and child, were hewn down with the sword and the axe, or knocked on the head like brutes. Fire, the most dreadful of elements, spread devastation amidst the houses, where those who feared the brutality of the soldiers were burnt to death.

Close to the spot where I stood, a young woman, wholly naked, with two babes in her

arms, rushed from a sinking house, frenzy rolled in her eye, her hair streamed upon the wind, and screaming a language we knew not, besought our mercy. A tall Irishman, whose eyes flashed the fury of the damned, seized her children by the hair, and dashed their brains out upon the ground. He was going to plunge his bayonet into the breast of the mother, when a ball struck her to the ground, and scattered her brains in my face: at the same moment, a black, naked and streaming with blood, rushed from a heap of ruins, and with his axe split the white savage from the head half down the back.

Hell itself is repose, peace, and pleasure, to the scene I then saw; a scene which turned the blood in my veins, and rendered my life detestably loathsome. No sound met the quivering ear, save piercing shrieks, groans, shouts, oaths, and the roaring of cannon. The haggard eye trembled at the falling houses, the blazing fire, and the suffering people, who fell beneath a promiscuous butchery. Virgins were hastily ravished,
and

and then murdered without pity. Children were thrown into the flames; the young and the old universally perished.

Whilst the fury of the storm had lasted, I, as a part of the machine called an army, had acted in *concord*; but now I stood still, petrified with horror, at the corner of a street, the smoaking ruins burning about me. Personal danger had no time to occur. My soul was shocked, my whole frame was convulsed, and I called aloud for the fury of Heaven to sink at once the conquerors and the conquered, into the bowels of the earth, that if possible such a scene of carnage might be wiped from the annals of humanity. But when I considered this was only a freak, a petty transaction in a village, a trifle not worth mention, when compared to the battles and storms which croud on the pages of history, and swell the pomp of glory and ambition; I raised the point of my sword to my bosom, and should have bade adieu, without regret, to the enlightened, the polished, the civilized, the wonderful

sons of earth, had not a blow behind lulled my senses into stupor, and closed my eyes on the grand display of human magnificence.

I was awakened from my trance by a stab in the breast; and opening my eyes perceived a black (with a visage flashed into the form of a daemon) standing over me, and ready to repeat his stroke with the only arm he had remaining. I was not borne to passive obedience; a burning splinter lay close beside me, and grasping it more through instinct than reflection, I gave him a blow that dashed him into the flames.

I started up, and looked round me with a vacant horror not to be described, at the objects which encompassed me; and chilled by the silence which universally reigned, except interrupted by the crash of a tumbling beam, or the cracking of the flames. This stillness was as awful as the preceding tumult had been tremendous. In every direction the sated eye turned to find repose, objects of rapine and barbarity met.

met. The mutilated carcases of Indians and Europeans blended promiscuously in gore, which stagnated here and there in hollows. In one place an old man and woman were transfixed to the earth with the same pike. In another a woman was hanging to a post, with two children tyed to her feet. There was yet no other light than that of the flames; and being without a companion, I sat down on a dead body, to reason on the track I should pursue. To remain with the army I shuddered at; as my assistance must then be given to injustice and oppression. I had no hopes of being free when the term of five years was expired, as I had before me examples of the deceits practised on those who wished to return. The value of my existence was not worth the chance of a die, but that chance I resolved to throw, rather than submit any longer to slavery.

Whilst I thus sat and reflected, I perceived indistinctly through the gloom, the figure of a
I 4 man,

man, gliding along ; he was naked, and held a large knife in his hand, whilst from his neck hung a bag, into which, from time to time, he put something. He came nearer, and by the light of the embers I could discern him cut off the head of a man ; and it then struck me he was one of those vultures that hover over a field of slaughter to strip the dead ; and not knowing but I might stand the chance of a visit, prepared to meet him, by unsheathing my stiletto.

My motion had attracted his eye, and he instantly advanced with large strides towards me. I started up, and brandished my weapon. Probably being too intent on his prey, he took no heed to his feet, and stumbling over a carcase, he fell prone before me. In an instant I stabbed him through the throat, and finding he was *done for*, by his dropping the knife, I turned him over to examine the contents of his bag. I tore it from his neck, and taking it up to a blaze of fire, opened the mouth ; but I cannot express to
you

you the shock I underwent at discovering pieces of ears and fingers, which this miscreant had cut or torn from the bodies, for the sake of the golden ornaments. I threw the infamous plunder into the flames, with the shudder of a man who has unware grasped a serpent. I resolved instantly to desert, and fly from the very face of man.

I quitted the reeking village, where so much had been done to convince the wretched Hindoos of the justice, humanity and bravery of the British nation. As I feared our army would shortly return from the pursuit, I hastened as fast as my wounds would permit, in a direction as opposite as I could judge from the route of their march.

The pale flashing meteors, which like the aurora borealis cintelate in the fiery atmosphere of the east, served to guide me through a country without a leading road, and before day I

had made up to a forest of banyan, plantain and other trees peculiar to the climate. Under these I sat down to rest till the morning, my wounds being painful, and my strength declining.

CHAP. IX.

The Retaliation of an Hindoo.

WHEN the sun again rose upon the highest branches of the forest, I endeavoured to penetrate the depths of the shade; but owing to loss of blood, and the langour ever succeeding extraordinary exertion, I was more than once on the point of fainting. Nature had, however, provided bountifully for the wants and necessities of man; the most delicious fruits hanging in abundance. I sat down to feast on oranges and pomegranates, and found a delightful freshness spread through my frame. The fragrance of the shrubs, which bloomed, where in cold climates only brambles will vegetate, was borne on the faint breeze, fanning the senses. The fecundity of nature contributed equally to luxury and delight, I thought myself on the borders of

Paradise; and had not the recent scene of carnage opposed as a drawback, I should have pronounced, that even on our earth there were spots exempted from evil.

In the midst of this enthusiasm, I observed the bushes to shake, the high grass to tremble, and a large snake, nearly six yards long, curled before me. I was fixed to the spot with fear; all my paradisaical images faded in a instant; though I should have remembered that, according to Moses, this animal was no stranger in the garden of Eden. There was something peculiarly dreadful in the motion of this monster; it seemed to glide imperceptibly along in silent majesty. The birds who were rejoicing on the branches, now dropped their note, or faintly chirped as they endeavoured to fly; and the monkeys and squirrels, with wild chatterings, fled to conceal themselves beneath the foliage.

Its fiery eye did not perceive me, or perceiving, bowed obedience to man, and left me in an universal

universal tremble; no token, you will say, of courage, or my eminent superiority as lord of the creation.

All the charms of the grove had now lost their beauty; I cast my eye round with caution, and dared scarcely advance, lest I should stir up an enemy. As I penetrated deeper into the wood, I seemed to enter a region of enchantment, where a hundred noises assailed me on every side, none of which had ever before vibrated on my ear. Troops of monkeys bounded through the trees, with a hideous chattering, perhaps at this visit from a tame *relation*. Various unknown birds flew about, bedecked with a plumage glittering as the rainbow, or charmed the ear with sounds of melody. Snakes were become familiar to me; some lay folded and basking at the roots of trees, others wound round the branches, and some of glossy and burnished appearance, suspended themselves from the twigs in the air, and seemed to wanton on the breeze.

But

But of this latter, there was only at long spaces a faint breath. A burning heat, with a damp vapour, was alone sensibly felt, and these intermixing with the powerful perfumes, excited an almost irresistible inclination to sleep. The luscious fruits which hung in full perfection, allayed the thirst excited by the heat, and guiding myself as near as possible by the sun, I sustained my spirits in certain confidence of success.

On a sudden I heard the voice of a man, to me far more terrible than serpents or tigers. I flunk trembling into a brake, waiting to hear if I could distinguish any particular that might warn me to escape, or assure me of safety.—For a time I could hear nothing of the enemy I feared, and for whom I was wholly unprovided, having with me no missile weapon of any description. I soon after heard the barking of a dog, and the laughter of children. Thus encouraged, I ventured to look out, and saw a naked savage dancing on a little spot of ground,
with

with two children of a deep copper colour. I arose with intention to trust to his mercy, for man said I to myself is the same, whether black, brown, or white, he still has passions; the only danger to be feared is in opposing those passions; besides, hospitality is the first law of nature, and at all hazards death is only death, and few are the things in this world, for which a wise man would desire to live.

I have often had occasion to observe, that the way to preserve life, is not to be over fearful of losing it; being prepared for the worst, every alternative is for the better, and we undertake dangers prudence would tremble at.

Thus fortified by reason, I ventured to advance, but the Hindoo had no sooner a glimpse of my colour, than as if a lion had rushed down his path, he uttered a howl, and catching his children in his arms began to fly. I called after him aloud, he looked round at the tone of distress; I lifted up my hands, I pointed to my wounds,

wounds, though this appeal should have excited his joy, seeing they were received in butchering his countrymen; but his heart was not made of European materials, and seeing that I was unprovided with fire arms, he turned round and held out his hand in token of peace.

I addressed him in the several languages I was master of, but he was ignorant of all except the Hindoo, and a little bad Arabic, serving merely to convey a general meaning, accompanied by signs. This was, however, sufficient for the purpose of benevolence, and seeing my exhausted situation, he conducted me into a deep hollow, where amidst almost impervious shades, *the modest mansion rose*. This palace was an erection of fods, strengthened by branches of trees, which growing, became a living shelter. A small aperture served for door and window, an Indian mat for carpet and bed. Milk, melons, and cocoa nuts were set before me, by the female companion of his solitude, and knowing, that he who would ingratiate himself with the mother,

mother, must notice her offspring ; I was particular in my caresses of these dingy children of heat.

A condescension so unusual from a white, gained upon them both, and all that the cottage afforded was at my command.—“ You are separate here, my friend,” said I, “ from the rest of your nation, do you hold no commerce with them ?”

“ Yes,” he replied ; “ I hold the commerce of friendship ; I feed the wanderer when he strays from the desert, without asking his *cost* ; I am content with my companion ; we live on the productions of nature, and can man desire more ?”

“ Yes,” said I, “ you live ignorant of a thousand luxuries, you know not the voluptuousness of poignant sauces.”

“ Brama,”

"Brama," said he, "allows us not to destroy the life of any animal, and we are sufficiently provided with vegetable and fruits.—"Supposing it," replied I, "you know nothing of the divine art of navigation which opens one country to another, and supplies the inhabitants of the frigid zone, with the luxuries of the temperate and torrid."—"Happy would it have been," said he, "if I had not known, nor ever heard of this divine art, for I see nothing result from it but murder and oppression. If we built large ships like yourselves, and could traverse the vast ocean, would your people give us settlements in their country, and allow us to make contributions?"

"No," said I, "that would be contrary to the laws of nature and the rights of possession."

"Then," retorted he, sharply, "you act contrary to the laws of nature and the rights of possession. You are at great pains to brave storms and distresses, that you may extort from

us our property, and convert us into slaves, to till your rice, your poppies, and your cottons. We would willingly have traded with you, we would have given you our cottons, our gold, our diamonds, and our ivory."—"But," said I, "you would not have given us them for nothing, and the needy adventurers who come over here, have not principle sufficient to wait the profits of a fair barter."

"By that," said he, "I suppose, and from their actions, I judge, they are the vagabonds of your nation that come amongst us. I have heard of their cruelties, and not being willing to lose the liberty of commanding my own actions, (for I did not see how their being white gave them authority to force me to labour) I forsook the pleasure of living with my relations, and with my companion buried myself in the woods."

Such were the sentiments of the simple Hindoo. I own I blushed for my countrymen, and the only excuse I could make was, that they

were

were a company of hungry merchants. "Of what avail," thought I, "is our boasted learning and knowledge? For what are all our researches, but to deal out slavery and death to those less learned than ourselves? Wonderful improvements, indeed!"

Before my Indian friend, I found myself considerably funk in value, and had I then a companion like myself, I should have renounced society, and taken up my abode with monkeys and serpents. Beneath the covert of the woods, I remained till my wounds were perfectly whole, experiencing the efficacy of cleanliness and nature, to restore the accidental damages of our fragile machine. Perhaps I should have formed a family alliance with the worshippers of Brama, and learnt to reverence the Pagoda of Seringham, had not my apprehensions of the fate of my family supported the fading desire of returning to England. I therefore first proposed a trial at escape, and should that be impossible, to sit down in peace beneath the banyan's

yan's shade, rather than again expose myself at an English settlement.

I set out in the design of traversing the immense wood, which had from the first harmony of chaos spread forth its branches, and I shed tears at parting with the man of nature, and his family; I left them sporting with their children on a little green, and had the satisfaction to hear their repeated good wishes in that accent of heart-felt affection, which more than words is convictive of the esteem we possess.

Those who have never experienced, can little conceive the terrors of an eastern forest, far overbalancing the beauties of the flowers and the richness of the fruits. In the day, the silent serpent winds through the grass or darts from the trees, whilst the air is hot almost to suffocation. In the night, echo thunders with roarings, the meteors gleam through the air, and the under growl of lions and tygers, fix dismay
in

in the stoutest heart, and carry terror to every other animal of the woods.

My only resource at night was to climb the trees in defiance of serpents, and noxious insects; the gnat was by night and day a perpetual torment, often nearly stimulating me to madness, by the irritation they created in the skin.

On the second day of my painful journey, I discovered the remains of an animal I judged to be a buffalo, from the largeness of the remaining bones, though they were broken and scattered about. I had fortunately only heard the roarings of the lion and the howlings of the tiger, but I every moment expected to see them start from the gloom, and seize on me as their victim. Indeed I often met with their foot-steps, and in one place from the devastation of the trees and the torn up ground, I concluded there had been a combat with a rhinoceros or elephant.

No

No human being, nor the traces of their feet met my eye throughout the remainder of the solitary march, and whilst I beheld so immense a track adorned with all the glories of luxuriant vegetation, I cursed in my heart that ambition, with which a name or paltry track of ground is sufficient reason to annihilate a million of human beings.

On the eighth day of my journey, my eyes were blessed with the prospect of the mighty deep. I stood for a time to gaze on it with ecstasy, and felt a rupture arising in my mind at the recollection of parents and friends, but this was quickly damped by not being able to descry either town or habitation. I sat down, gazing round with irresolution of purpose, for being ignorant of the latitude of Surat, near which I supposed myself, nor having any instrument to take an observation, I might wander without ever approaching nearer, or perhaps throw myself in the way of the army. Yet to sit down without an effort, and spend the rest of my life without

without purpose or benefit, was contrary to my nature, and I resolved at least to make a trial at escape, by following in a northward direction along the banks of the ocean.

For some days I continued this plan, but the wood, the only source of my existence, ending in a barren flat, necessitated me to return, changing my intention into waiting the fortune of chance, which might conduct some vessel on shore, or within sight of signals.

In the life I seemed doomed to lead, there was little of variety; the next tree providing me subsistence, my whole range of amusement consisted in examining a thousand plants and flowers unknown in Europe. I now experienced the want of society; the hours passed away, it is true, but in their duration I was a prey to lassitude, and sighed for some object of action.

The

The equinox I knew must come upon me, but hoping as I did to leave the place, I wanted resolution to provide for it, and should doubtless have waited its fury, but for the restless spirit which impelled me to action. In obedience to this impulse, I began to erect a hut, with no other tool than a pocket knife, and found no small pleasure in observing its advancement.

The dread of lions and tygers wore away, and I experienced the folly of that common observation, which supposes that man in a state of nature is the creature of timidity. On the contrary, 'tis society renders us cowards, by leading us to trust in the support of others. But set a man where he knows himself cut off from foreign aid, where he must depend on his own resources, he instantly finds himself roused to defend, and that his superior sagacity is more than competent to overcome mechanical prowess.

Round the spot I had planned for my little habitation, I drew a line of *cheveux de frize*,

formed of pointed stakes, so closely and compactly placed, that no animal of common size could have made an entrance. Thus I began to have a regular appearance. One day walking along the shore, I had the curiosity to pick up several shells that lay scattered about, they contained pearls of no little value, and as I never despaired of some day escaping, I concealed many of the finest in my clothes.

I had now been more than six weeks on the shore, weeks which to me had possessed the duration of months, and for ought I could perceive, I might here spend the remnant of my days, no vestige of man being near, or in fact, any object that could assure me the earth contained any human being besides myself.

One of those tremendous storms which threaten destruction to sinking nature, closed in the evening of a beautiful day. Rain and hail descended, not in torrents, but in sheets, or as if the bursting clouds parted at once with their contents.

contents. The thunder seemed to shake the heavens, and vibrated through the forest without a moment's intermission, whilst the lightning of various colours, flashed and illumined the gloom, which enshrouded the earth with tenfold darkness. The heavens themselves appeared to open, and the last hour of resuscitation to be come, and trembling nature about to hear her doom. The greatest storms of Europe when compared with them, are as a child's fire-work to the bursting of *Ætna*.

Trees, whose proud heads dashed and raked the bosom of the clouds, were shivered into atoms; the whole forest bent and waved like a field of corn. The sea arose above its shores in contending confusion, and its surges dashed with a sound awfully sublime, when intermixed with the jar of elements. The roaring of the lions and the howling of other beasts were sunk in the storm, and seemed rather the impulsions of fear, than the ferocity of courage.

Beneath the banyan tree I was safe from the lightning, and though drenched with rain, contemplated with reverence the grandeur of the hurricane in the elevation of its fury; thence, by a natural transition, raising my mind with wonder to the power of that Being, who could set the universe at war, hurl infinity of worlds against each other in confusion, and convert the harmony of the circling spheres into uproar, destroying all that breathes the breath of existence.

For three days the storm continued, almost without interruption, it then subsided, and I ventured towards the shore. Every step presented before me devastation, and I found my hut, wherein I had trusted as able to resist solstitial fury, scattered without a vestige remaining. I raised my eyes towards the ocean, and beheld with pleasure unspeakable, a vessel nearing the land, apparently under circumstances of distress. I retired to where I might see without being observed, waiting impatiently till she brought too, and sent a boat ashore.

Their

Their habits convinced me they were Dutch, and now being no longer in fear, I advanced, accosting them in French—two of them happened to be well acquainted with that language.

I informed them I had been shipwrecked in a voyage to Mocka, had taken the dress of a common soldier who was drowned on the shore, and had remained on the spot near three years.

They agreed to take me on board, at the same time letting me understand, they were bound from Surat to Mocka for gums, and that the storm had driven them into this bay, which was that of Cambaya.

After loading the boat with fruits, we went on board, and having repeated the same story to the captain, he offered to land me safe at Mocka. I knew too well the character of the Batavians, and indeed of mankind in general, to open to him the secret of my wealth, as I doubted not

he would sacrifice his humanity to avarice, and probably land me in a desert to perish.

I had conceived the design of sailing up the Red Sea, traversing the famous Thebaic desert, and down the Nile to Alexandria. As my Batavian proceeded no higher than Mocka, and there were no vessels then in harbour, I was obliged to wait, and provide myself lodging with an old Arab, whose rapacity belied the character of Arabian hospitality. I parted with several of my pearls to provide myself an Arabian dress, and many other necessaries required in a voyage equally dangerous and tedious; in which more was to be apprehended from the inhabitants on shore, than the hazards of the sea, or the sunken beds of coral, from whose colour probably the sea took its name.

After a considerable present to the Shaik for his protection, I was allowed to remain at liberty, not being considered as worth particular notice, from my apparent poverty. In one of
the

the common vessels that trade on the Red Sea, after many delays, I procured a passage under protection of my old host, for all who would make a voyage through this inhospitable region, must nominate some Arab as ghafir or protector, without which, in case of shipwreck, they would probably suffer murder as well as robbery.

The usual vicissitudes of weather attended our course, and when near shore, our senses were delighted with the spices wafted from Arabia Felix; but however I might be tempted to land, the barbarity of the inhabitants prevented me. The only place we touched at to procure some refreshment, was Gidda, where we took up two Mahometan pilgrims who had been at Mecca.

In the following night a smart gale of wind sprang up from the shore, which sent our pilots to prayers, instead of using their exertions, and the stars being obscured by clouds, I feared being driven on the Abyssinian coast; and ignorant as

I was of navigation, I endeavoured to steer through the storm, and to inspire the sailors with some other spirit than superstition.

For two days we continued to drive, every hour expecting our creaking vessel would deliver us to the waves. We then came within sight of a shore, the captain asserted he knew to be a well known point within a few leagues of Suez, and therefore stood directly in; but the surges which broke over the beds of coral, soon convinced him of his mistake, a heavy squall at the same time fixed the fore-castle immovably firm, whilst the stern was exposed to the beating of the waves.

In vain the Mahometans called on their prophet for safety, they were obliged to commit themselves to the waves, few reaching the shore. To me who was expert at swimming, and collected in my senses, the attainment of land was an easy matter; but when there, I knew not what reception I might experience,
and

and fixing in my belt a brace of pistols and an Arabian dagger, I cast myself on the waves, shortly gaining the land, where not a single trace of vegetation was perceivable.

It was early in the morning when the air is exceeding keen, and I found those who had escaped crouching to the sand, lamenting the wreck of the vessel. From useless regret we were quickly called to action, by the appearance of several Arabians armed with spears, and not knowing whether they came as enemies or friends, were obliged to prepare to receive them as either.

The Arabians mostly carry with them some destructive weapon, and therefore we found ourselves very well armed with pistols and daggers. Our little company which had trembled before at the blowing of the winds, drew itself up with admirable resolution, against a danger far more dreadful. This was merely the result of habit,

for in those desert wilds where man is hunted by man, life is held on the tenure of a moment.

Seeing our resolution, and probably supposing persons in our circumstances could not have much plunder, they halted at a little distance, surveying us with attention. I considered, that when resolution wavers, a trifle will occasion it to preponderate, and that much may be trusted to the generosity of man. I therefore threw down my arms, and advanced with one hand stretched out, the other touching my forehead, pronouncing at the same time aloud, "*Salam alicum.*"

A venerable Arab with a spear in his hand, and double armed, advanced to meet me, with the salute of "*Alicum Salam,*" an assurance that peace was between us, and that I might claim the rights of hospitality.

"And

“And you are also bound,” said I, “to protect these my companions through the desert; will you swear that no harm shall come upon them?”—“As to that,” said he, “my profession is war, and those who are with us, must partake in its chances. I am going to return through the wilderness of Thebes into lower Egypt, and if your route be that way, you must partake the hazards of warfare.”

This was not the route of the sailors, and as they feared to trust an Arab of the desert, they agreed rather to endure the chances of famine, nor could I persuade any but one Turk to trust himself with the robbers.

The behaviour of the seamen irritated the chief of the band, and I had some difficulty in persuading him to suffer their obstinacy to be its own reward; but no entreaties could prevail with him to spare the wreck, which was by this time divided, and great part washed ashore.

All that was portable his followers laded up-
on camels, and by the time the sun cast *no sha-*
dow on the plains, we were ready to march
over a track of rocky and uneven ground.

CHAP. X.

In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest or verdant vales bestow;
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds forever howl around.

* * * *

O cease my fears! all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe.
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet. COLLINS.

I CONSIDERED myself as now launching out into a new sphere of existence, being thrown amongst the truly savage sons of men, with whom no law, save force, was acknowledged; I considered that I should now see him, when every passion had sway, and his desires only repressed by gratification.

During our painful march, which by no means excited pleasurable ideas of what was to be

be endured in traversing the burning sands, I had occasion to observe the firmness of their courage, and the undaunted air, so strongly delineated on their features, the consequences of an independent life. Towards evening we turned round a sharp projection of rocks, and found ourselves in a regular camp, where we were received with congratulations, and the faith, which was never known to be violated by a robber, pledged to us. I endeavoured to attach myself to the chief, by opening to him ideas he was utterly ignorant of, and happily for me, he was a man of curiosity and uncommon liberality of sentiment.

A young camel was killed, as a kind of feast before we began our march, and brandy was given round in plenty, as we sat upon the sands. The meat was seasoned with spices to a degree of excoriation; and when I considered the vast quantity of pepper and brandy they consumed, with the fiery atmosphere they inhaled, I could not wonder at the heat of their temper, or that their natural

tural passions partook of madness. In fact, the animal spirits, in those climates, are in constant fermentation, unknown in the temperate air of Europe; and though we do not call them children of the sun, they merit the name of children of fire.

In the morning our tents were struck, and, together with the baggage, and a large provision of water in skins, mounted on the patient camel. The whole band, to the sound of songs, began to move forward, and no care seemed to cloud them from the past, or what might be yet to come. Mirth and jests were bandied from one to another, and an unacquainted spectator would hardly have supposed so careless a troop was about to traverse the burning desert, and give themselves up to all the inconveniences and dangers attending so dismal a march.

For many leagues our way wound amongst mountains of garnet, vast columns of which were shattered in various forms, and scattered

over

over the vallies, appearing like the ruins of some magnificent city. Amongst these we halted at night; and our scouts bringing word that they had discovered traces of camels' feet lately formed, being those of a wandering band more numerous than themselves, it was agreed to remain here for some days, till they should have passed beyond danger of our overtaking them: those robbers always avoiding any troops on the same expedition, if superior in numbers. Their sagacity in discovering the number, and time they have been on the spot, is only equalled by the American Indians, who will trace an enemy through vallies and over mountains by his scent, or the pressure on the sword.

The tents were accordingly pitched, and as a mark of favour, my station was appointed near that of the captain. The mountains where the Cushites first inhabited after the flood, lay on our right hand; being fearful of another deluge, if they ventured to build in the plain, they excavated.

cavated the mountains like the cells of a honey-comb, in which a whole nation resided.

My curiosity to see so wonderful a monument of antiquity, led me to prevail on the Shaik or Captain to accompany me, with thirty of his men, to view so extraordinary a performance, which remains a testimony of some great revolution in nature; though that the whole earth should at once be emerged in a deluge, is physically impossible.

A few miserable wretches, who live on plunder, and the flesh of camels cut and dried in the sun, at this day exist in those subterranean chambers; many of which are both curiously carved, and spacious enough to contain a whole village. Having satisfied ourselves, going from one chamber to another, we mounted our camels, and descended into a deep valley, surrounded by immense rocks of garnet of various colours, acting as lens in collecting the rays of the sun, rendering respiration scarcely possible, though

though a gentle current of air was drawn along the centre of the valley.

We had not advanced far, when one of the Arabs distinguished the top of a tent, with a streamer flying, behind a pile of rocks. Before we could determine on the necessary measures, several men appeared armed, filing out to meet us.

In a moment the robbers were prepared, seeing we must engage; lightning appeared to flash from their eyes, their nostrils were inflated, their whole visage became a tempest of fury, and they ran to the attack. The enemy were drawn out in greater number, but we had the superiority in arms, and by a judicious manœuvre, the captain shewed himself not unskilled in command.

The irregularity of the scattered rocks affording places of concealment for an army, he detached ten of his men, commanding them to remain unobserved, till, by a feigned flight, he should have drawn

drawn the enemy beyond succour from their camp, they were then to take them in flank and give no quarter.

I kept my station beside Ab Ulmer, the captain, resolving to exert myself to the utmost; for now it was not an affair of injustice, but tyrant against tyrant; and my only chance of retaining the affections of my protectors, was by a display of courage equal to their own.

Ab Ulmer knew the advantage of riding up to the charge. Our pistols were discharged in each others faces, our spears were hurled in the air, and our sabres drawn in an instant. On our part, though we maintained the battle with vigour, we gradually retreated to beyond the ambuscade, which at the signal rushed out, and took them behind; at the same time we uttered a tremendous shout, and renerving our arms, redoubled our exertions. The enemy continued firm and undismayed, fighting with the obstinacy of tigers, who disdain to yield whilst
breath

breath remains in them, though bleeding under a thousand wounds.

Notwithstanding this resistance, we began to press upon them, when in our turn we began to fear, near twenty more advancing from the camp at full speed. "Fly, Hanson," cried Ab-
Ulmer; "take two with you, turn yonder projection; and attempt to burn their camp, or we shall be lost." I hastened without losing a moment; and notwithstanding the burning heat, and violent thirst, occasioned by clouds of dust and the exertion of fighting, together with the painful irritation of the dust rankling in our wounds, I urged forward, with the two Arabs, whose countenances were stained with blood, and had the fury of hounds devouring their prey.

We entered the camp, it being left under the care of only three men and two boys, who guarded the pass. Two of the men were instantly cut to pieces, and a fire burning on the ground.

ground, for the purpose of roasting food, the tents were instantly in a blaze.

The cries of women were heard from one of the largest, already on fire. I hastened in to rescue them; but my eyes were shocked with a sight more dreadful than imagination can conceive. Two young females, beautiful as the virgins of Georgia, were weltering on the ground, whilst streams of blood poured from the wounds they had given themselves. An elderly woman, of most magnificent mein, lay stretched beside them, in all appearance dead. One of the Arabs, perceiving she yet had life, placed one foot on her bosom, and raised his scymeter to cut off her head, but catching his arm, I turned aside the blow. He instantly endeavoured to turn the weapon upon me, but avoiding the stroke, I plunged my sabre through his throat, and brought him down with a groan.

The lady, who was pompously arrayed in fine muslin and jewels, I dragged out of the tent;
but

but before I could return to save her daughters, the whole was an entire blaze of fire, and they were smothered in the flames. The whole camp was now kindled, and it was with difficulty we could carry to a distance some of the valuable baggage, in which we were helped by the Arab and the two boys.

Meanwhile, those engaged in the battle, seeing their tents burning, and not knowing the numbers who were thus employed, flagged all at once, suffering themselves to be cut down almost without resistance, which they were to a man.

The shout of victory! victory! assailed our ears: but we had little to boast, only twelve remaining on our side, and these badly wounded, the captain especially, who had then the head of a spear sticking in his arm. Water was the general cry; for beneath a vertical sun, water is more inestimable than wine. A new cry now arose, and in a tumultuous manner they demanded

manded my life, for having killed one of their companions. I instantly saw the greatness of the danger I was exposed to, and swearing by Mahomet, I would chine the first who raised his hand against me, I waved my sabre, dyed with gore, and rushed through them to Ab Ulmer.

“ Did not you promise,” cried I, “ on your oath that none of your people should offer me violence in the desert? Did you not swear, May God do so to me, and more also, if I or mine touch a hair of thy head in injury?”

“ Truly, I did,” said he; “ and I here again repeat that promise to thee; for the victory of this day is thine.”

“ He has slain an Arab,” cried they, “ and we demand blood for blood.”

“ I have,” cried I, “ miscreants, I am ready to repeat it. Who are you, that think to bravo?
vado?”

vado? That man was slain in my own defence. I swear by the tombs of your fathers, that he raised his sword against me; and I swear also, I will not die tamely like a camel, but with the fury of a lion."

"Bravo! my friend," cried the Shaik, advancing to embrace me, "there shall not an hair of thine head be touched, whilst Ab Ulmer hath power to poise a lance."

A blood-thirsty fellow, of masculine make, advanced before his fellows. "Boaster," cried he, "the man thou hast slain was my friend. I demand justice according to our law. I dare thee to the combat; come on, and the field be the victor's."

Though those people are dextrous at the broad-sword, they have no knowledge of fencing or the cool art of defence, in which I knew myself practised. I therefore stepped up to him; "And now," cried I, "see what this knave
can

can perform ; he cannot so much as hit me with all his vaunts."

He bore down upon me with fury ; by the weight of his blows often nearly striking down my guard, but my sword being well tempered stood the shock ; and having exercised himself out of breath, I began to advance in my turn, and taking him over the sword arm, made myself master of his weapon, to the astonishment of the Arabs, who now allowed I was a brave fellow, and voluntarily took an oath to bury every animosity.

Having thus settled this disagreeable affair, and stanch'd our wounds, the plunder became the next object of attention. It was exceedingly rich, consisting of many shawls, which singly were valued at four hundred sequins ; with bars and ingots of gold. As the chief commanded that a portion should be set aside for me, and I perceived it was not agreeable to the company, who considered me as an interloper,

and had underneath threatened destruction to the lady I had rescued, I thought it wisest to avoid further altercation, and at the same time do an office of humanity.

I waited, however, till my division was set apart, then desiring they would attend, I began :
“ You say well that I am a stranger amongst you ; and to shew you that a stranger can possess more spirit than you who traverse the desert, I now stand up amongst you. I am a man, whose country is the world, and whose friends are all who wear the image of man ; as such you cannot condemn my clemency in preserving this unfortunate, woman, who I shall claim as mine ; and those paltry goods you have set aside as my share of the prize, I intend to divide, not partially between you who have fought, but between the whole community, as a testimony of friendship.”

This disinterestedness conciliated the most refractory, and the lady was willingly delivered to
my

my care. She was overwhelmed with sorrow, preserving an uninterrupted silence during the course of our march to the camp. I learnt from one of the boys we had taken, that she was the wife of the chief; and that those two young women, who had perished rather than suffer the violation of the conquerors, were her daughters. They also informed me she was not an Arab, having been taken prisoner in a little caravan in Lower Egypt.

As this was a matter of trifling importance, I turned my attention to comfort her, but could only draw from her expressions of gratitude at my kindness, and a bequest, made with peculiar solemnity.

"I feel," said she, "that the fountain of my life begins to fail, and that my days are numbered. They have long been written in characters of sorrow, and joy has been a stranger to my heart: but this last shock, which hath destroyed me in so cruel a manner, in bereaving

me of my children, hath brought my terrene existence to a narrow span. I possess yet some degree of wealth, and some trinkets of no value, but as pledges of the dearest and tenderest affection, all these I deliver to you, and for my sake never part willingly from the bracelets and necklace you will find in this casket."

At these words she delivered into my hands a casket of curious eastern workmanship; and lying down upon the couch, desired I would suffer her to remain a short time alone. I went out at the door of my tent, unable to reply, and sat down upon the ground. It was midnight, and the stars glittered with peculiar brightness. I gazed round on the stillness of nature, and sighed at the sorrow constantly the companion of man. The sons of rapine were at rest, not a breath floated on the atmosphere, and I gave loose to that melancholy dejection of spirits which regards existence with indifference.

Why,

Why, thought I, do I toil for a phantom? why cross deserts and seas, to find out relations who perhaps are inclosed in the depths of the grave? Of what consequence is life to me, who have no purpose of enjoyment, and whose soul is sickened at the universal folly of man? Why not take flight from life, and either sink into eternal nonentity, or arise to ethereal and purified being? This dross which I hold in my hands, has perhaps been death to many, has been procured by the panting miner, who breathes a hundred fathom deep in the earth, and drudges through a miserable life. But, alas! were I to enumerate the list of afflictive curses it has produced, I must detail the history of man. Go then, cried I, forgetting my situation, begone, pest of society, and leave us to herbs and babbling streams.

In compliance with this fally of imagination I dashed the casket to the ground, and for some time sat bewildered in reflection. The tender recollection of relationship again came before

me, and personal suffering sank away. I took up the casket, and concealing it beneath my dress, looked round, over the vast and immeasurable prospect, where no sustenance that could support the life of any thing breathing was to be found. Yet in this almost boundless track, where a million had room to pass, a hundred people could not meet without cutting each other in pieces, for the honour of human nature; a strong exhibition of our superior sense above the brutes and beasts of the earth.

I passed several hours exposed to the damps of night; and supposing the lady by this time asleep, I entered softly. She lay upon the couch, the lamp burned beside her, and on the ground stood a small phial empty. I began to fear she had put an end to her sorrows, and advancing, listened in vain to hear her breathe. I took her hand, it was cold: I sat down beside her, with a horror only to be felt; it was not indeed at the action, but at the despair of soul which must have preceded. I took up the
phial,

phial, it was drained to the bottom, or I myself should have made trial of its efficacy, for a time debating on the consistency of following her; before I could come to any resolution, I fell asleep, and fancied myself in England, where I enjoyed, aside our cottage fire, those social sports my sisters and Theodore used to partake.

I was awakened by the Arabs coming to strike my tent, the order being given to march: and no one troubling himself to enquire into the death of the stranger, a hasty grave was dug in the sands, at my intreaty, where she was interred.

This day's march was extremely painful to all who were wounded; but as our provision of rice was low, there was necessity for our not delaying by the way. We usually rested an hour in the heat of the day, to drink coffee, which the Arabians do without either milk or sugar.

The human species, in this part of the world, may be said to be placed in a hot bed, the females attaining maturity so early, that they supply the harems at twelve and thirteen, when they are in full bloom, becoming old, with every mark of decayed nature at little more than twenty. Beneath some palm-trees, which grew out of the ruins near Syene, I perceived a young Arabian woman giving suck to an infant; I presented her some spice, and enquiring her age, found she was a few months turned of eleven.

On the evening of this day we pitched our tents beneath a grove of doom trees, which afforded an agreeable freshness, though their fruit was not valuable; we had, however, dates and wine, with cakes of rice, few nations out of Europe making regular repasts of meat.

The vast ocean of sand now lay before us. The robbers took particular care to furnish a stock of water; a supply of cakes was baked,
ground:

ground into powder, and packed up in bags. This powder was afterwards mixed with brandy, water and spice, being the only food, besides coffee, on which we subsisted. This method of preparing it before hand, was for the convenience of carriage, and the impossibility of procuring fire, where neither shrub nor blade of grass could vegetate.

Our cattle, on the morning of our departure, took more than their usual time to drink, as if conscious they had to undergo a long fast; and the Arabs themselves appeared melancholy, moving about in silence. I could not but remark the contrast of their behaviour now, to the mirth and jollity of our first removal, which could only be ascribed to the shortness of the trip, and paucity of danger.

The slightest wind agitated the sand, already calcined to powder by the action of heat. The trampling of our camels involved us in clouds, sometimes nearly suspending the powers of re-

spiration. The eye sought in vain for relief from the universal glare, and no situation can be thought on, more unpleasant; the tongue cleaved to the roof of the mouth with thirst, and we were necessitated, from time to time, to take a mouthful of water, retaining it, and swallowed to allay the burning flame.

On the second day I experienced that deception of sight, remarked by travellers, and which I conceive arises from the rarefaction of air and the action of so vast a body of light on the optic nerve. My companions, when at the distance of a hundred yards, appearing encreased to the height of a tower, and their camels enlarged to the dimensions of an elephant. The eye which for a time contemplates the sun, turns away, filled with flying clouds and globules of light; so here, surrounded by no object, but extended sterility, and a cloudless sky, on the extent of horizon the sight portrayed castles, houses, and mountains, that, like *ignis fatuus*, were chased in vain.

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On the evening of the 20th day, whilst the sun was yet high in the heavens, we were astonished with a prodigy inconceivably grand, and such as not even the robbers had before witnessed. A keen wind sprang up, and blowing from north to south, carried columns of sand between us and the sun, which being tinged with its rays, and in some places, as it were, transparent, took the exact resemblance of an immense wall of fire floating through the air. The interstices through which the sun shone, added to the awful magnificence of the scene, the flames appearing to burst and sparkle from piles of red-hot sand.

The Arabians prostrated themselves with trembling, whilst I stood lost in the sublime object, which continued to pass before us, and which, had it approached, would in a moment have buried us in its bosom. The soul was lost in the consciousness of its own insignificance, and in solemn silence beheld the terrible beauty and majesty of the phænomena. Some particles

of sand came near us, and I could distinguish that the whole body was not of partial thickness, but was hurled in confusion, or rather spread between us and the sun like a mist.

The regular appearance was quickly changed by the encrease of the wind, which raising the sand in chaotic confusion, took the form of mountains, and every figure fancy could trace, appearing like a vast country of fire, or the regions of Pandemonium.

The impression so sublime a scene made on my mind has never been effaced, and more strongly impressed upon me the certainty of an infinite Creator, than all the declamations of priests and philosophers.

When this astonishing and stupendous phenomenon had passed, the tents were taken from the camels, it being agreed to go no farther that night, superstition having, as it were, fixed the Arabs to the spot. But when we came to examine

mine our water, a more serious and just alarm took place. By some accident the vessels had leaked nearly half their contents, so that we must either strike eastward deeper into the desert, to some wells within reach, whilst our stock held out, or continue in long marches, at half allowance to some wells we should find in a valley.

Most were for the first proposal, as no situation is more dreadful than the want of water in a *country of flame*; but Ab Ulmer represented so strikingly the hardships of going deeper into the desert, the delay it would occasion, and that the supply we could then carry from those distant springs would barely equal the march before us, that it was agreed to advance early in the morning, to lay by in the excessive heat, and travel through the night.

According to this plan we continued several days, during which the violent fatigue I suffered threw me into a fever, adding, if possible, to

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an insatiate and tormenting drought. My whole body seemed parched, and to have lost its radical moisture; the skin literally peeled off my face and hands. Thus, blinded with dust, I continued to ride forward in a state of torture. The poor Turk, who, as well as myself, suffered under so unusual a situation, applied himself to opium and brandy, which threw him into a temporary stupor, but acting as a violent stimulant, he became raving mad, and after several attempts to destroy himself, being only prevented by confining his hands: he died the second day, a deplorable object of pity.

On the following day, we beheld a spectacle that could give no sensations of pleasure to persons in our situation, but sunk our hopes considerably; it was the skeletons of several men and camels, who had fallen down in this inhospitable waste; beside them lay several heavy articles of baggage the wind had not yet scattered; but even the rapacity of the robbers was gone, their spirits drooping like the herbs of the field when

when deprived of moisture. Besides, not knowing how soon we ourselves might be under the same circumstances, it was useless to add to the burdens of the panting camels.

It is the little accidents of life that particu-

larly touch us, and under striking circumstances. Thus the bones of a few miserable travellers, in the barren wilderness, excited compassion and

dismay in the bosoms of men whose trade was murder, and whose subsistence was plunder. We proceeded slowly forward during the rest of that and the following day, but the succeeding, which saw our water drained to the last drop, impressed upon us the deepest melancholy. To augment our distress the camels began to flag, two of those that carried bales actually sunk down and expired.

We proceeded forward in the deepest silence, and to ease the camels, were obliged to dismount, and traverse sands which scorched the foot, and burnt the sandals from the feet. Some began

began to talk of laying down and dying; and seeing that now was the time to rise above human suffering, I exerted myself, though labouring under accumulated diseases, encouraging them to proceed. The Arabs knew we were within half a day's march of the wells, but at the rate we went, we might as well have been distant a week; nor could arguments be urged to the camels, one after another laying down, with their burdens, and the masters sat down beside them.

A general halt was now called, and subordination having ceased, I demanded to be heard. "What," cried I, "men of Arabia, is this the spirit so much boasted of in the four quarters of the world? this your endurance of hardship, that you will sit down on the sands, and die of thirst with your hands before you, when the fountains of life invite you to drink? For my part, tho' I value life as little as any of you, I will not die without a struggle. Come on then, you who have spirit, let us drive forward and procure water, or drop down in the attempt."

Half

Half a dozen were roused from their lethargy, we took each one of the youngest and most able camels, and advanced forward, leaving all our baggage behind. After three hours riding, a perceptible freshness was distinguishable in the air; the camels snuffed at the gale, advancing on a half trot, so great is their sagacity, that they will discover water at the distance of several leagues.

In two hours more, the eye could distinguish no object of satisfaction, but we shortly after came up to a vale, sunk from the level of the surface, and concealed till we were close upon it. It did not perhaps possess the beauties of Tempe, but for fragrance no spot in the universe could excel. Wild thyme, frankincense, and rosemary, covered the whole place, interspersed with odoriferous shrubs, but these were not the first objects of our attention, each hastening to the wells, from whence a transparent stream overflowed, winding its course beneath a grove of date and palm trees.

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It was necessary to restrain our ardour, by first washing ourselves, and retaining for a time a quantity of water in the mouth, before we ventured to drink. Our camels kneeled down to the springs, as if to return thanks for their deliverance, but whilst we refreshed ourselves, we did not forget those who were panting in the desert.

We were received on our return as the messengers of life, and on some who were far gone, we were obliged to sprinkle the water a little at a time, by which means, and the freshness thus created in the air, only one remained unrecoverable, and was left in the desert.

By the light of the stars we continued our way to the vale where the tents were pitched, and mirth once more abounded; for like the sailor whose life is bandied on the points of uncertainty, those robbers enjoyed existence as it passed, the hardships escaped serving to give zest to the present safety: besides we were now over
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the most dismal part of the desert, and the recollection of their wives and children could not but be pleasing.

I also reflected that the chief obstacles to my return were surmounted, and partook in the general satisfaction. After remaining in this valley some days, we again set forward, arriving after a long series of difficulties, at a large encampment, from whence could be seen one of the famous pyramids.

My journey not being undertaken from motives of curiosity, I scarcely noticed them, but being furnished with a guide, I took leave of the robbers, who generously insisted that as the lady was my prize, and I had behaved in a way they termed gallant, all the jewels on her dress should remain to me.—Thus I was advanced to fortune beyond my expectation, and enabled to keep untouched, the casket which I have never yet had an opportunity to open, being involved in
all,

all the bustle of travelling, and exposed to the observation of strangers.

"I thank thee," my friend, said Shechem, "but if thou wilt indulge us a little further, the obligation will be complete, there are some circumstances relating the lady you mentioned, I would fain be resolved in, and particularly her bequest of the casket."

"I understand," said Hanson, "there are no two persons on earth whom I would wish more to oblige." He glanced a look of expression at Eve, who had attended to all his dangers, and whose cheek flushed at some of his heroic descriptions—then rising, he hastened to bring the precious donation.

The first object was a pair of bracelets set with brilliants, and containing two miniature pictures in the Armenian dress, both young, and with that expressive vivacity so characteristic of the East.

"I am

"I am satisfied," said Shechem, "this was the present I gave my wife on the day of our espousals; I feared she had been murdered by those robbers who tore her from my arms, and stabbed her in my sight.—Take away, my friend, relics I cannot behold with pleasure, this world is the dominion of evil; but now I am satisfied, since I know her fate, though it was terrible.

Age had in Shechem reduced the fine edge of feeling, or rather enabled him to conceal his griefs from common observation. His sorrow was of that secret nature, which is felt but not shewn; and having indulged thought for a time, he dried up the tears of his daughter, leaving Hanson to entertain her, whilst he went on some business into the city.

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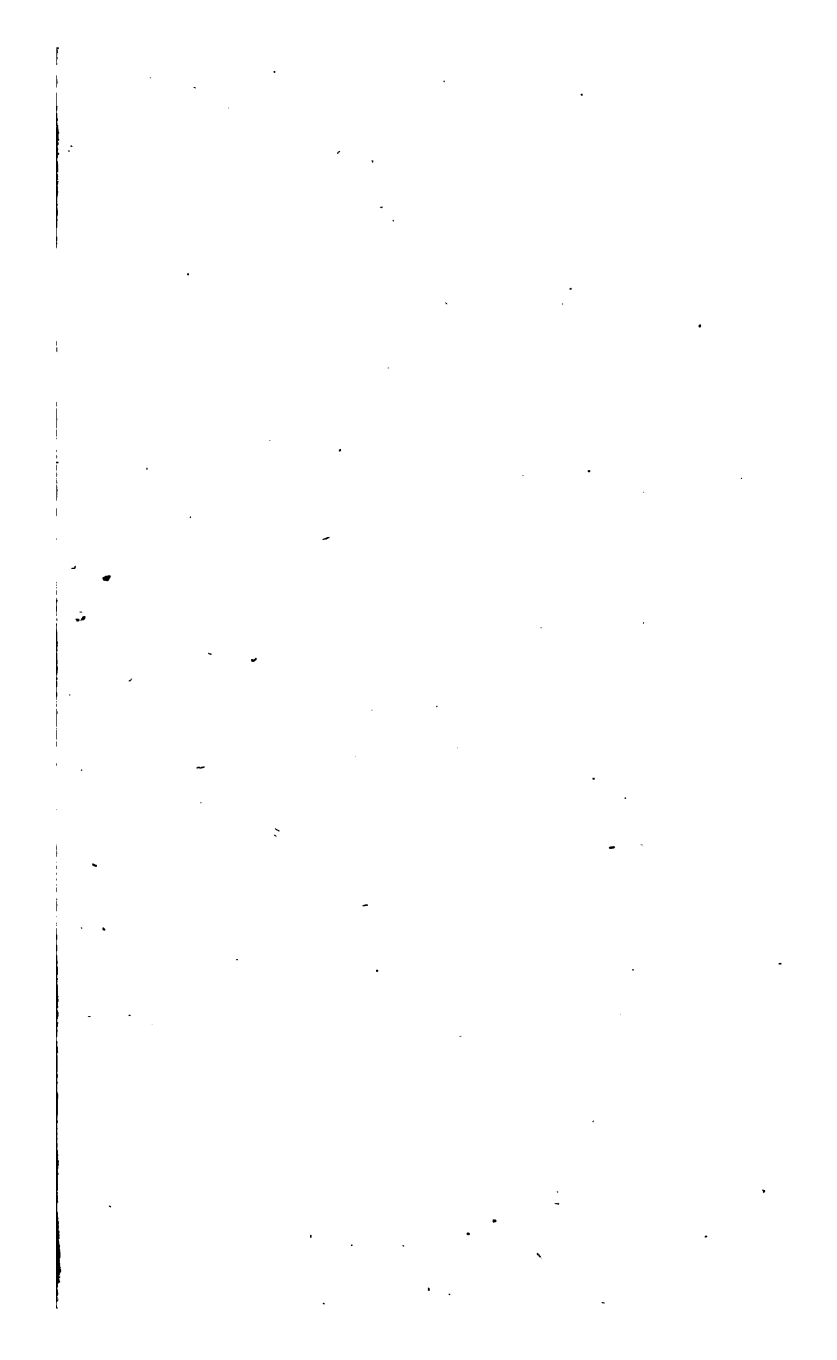
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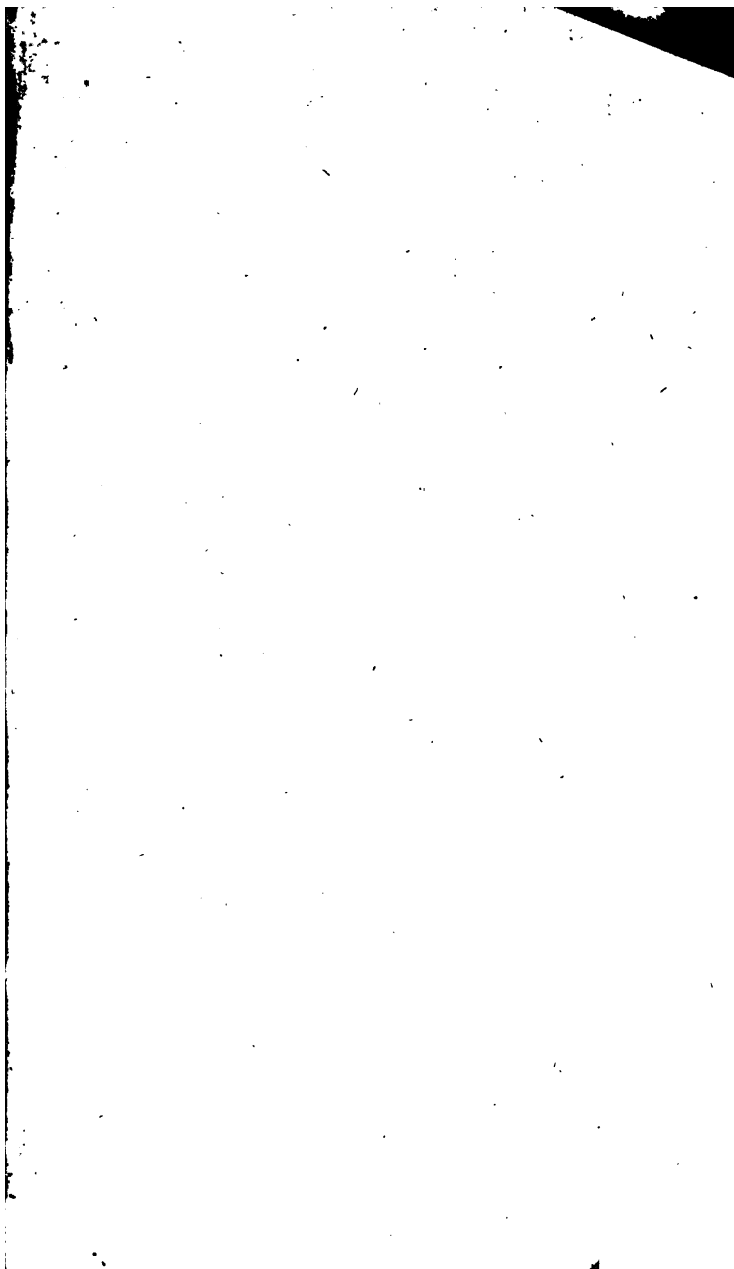
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